National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

VOLUME X.---NO. 5. | NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1849. | WHOLE NUMBER 473.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY,
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letter relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be ad dresse to S. H. Gay, New York.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or S. H. Gay, New-York.

Terms, Two dollars per annum

E. Norris, Printer.

The Southern Press.

From the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Monitor.

THE NEW ALLIANCE.

For many years the Democratic party of the South, through all its organs, has laboured to inculcate the doctrine, and induce the belief, that the Democratic party of the North, were the *natural* allies of the South, whilst at the same time it was contended that the Whig party at the North were composed principally of Abolitionists, and therefore the *natural enemies* of the South.

Acting upon this principle, it has been their policy to bring forward Northern men, for the first office in the nation. Thus they succeeded in electing Mr. Van Buren, attempted to run him a second time, and at the last election endeavoured to place Gen. Cass in the Presidential chair. It cannot be forgotten with what virulence Gen. Taylor, a Southern man, and a large slaveholder, was opposed by the Democratic press at the South, merely because he refused to make any pledges, on any subject, whilst, with strange inconsistency, we were invited to put our trust in General Cass, notwithstanding he lived in an abolition State, merely because he had made an oracular declaration in regard to the establishment of Slavery in the territories, which his friends at the North strenuously asserted to be in favour of the *Free Soil* doctrine, as his friends at the South contended to be in favour of Southern principles.—Who have forgotten the ferocious attacks made on Mr. Fillmore as an Abolitionist, merely because he was a Northern man, and a Whig, notwithstanding his whole public life proved him to be sound, on that vitally important subject.

These reminiscences are not called up at this moment for the purpose of irritation. We have always considered that our party divisions at the South were carried to a most unwarrantable length. We never doubted that they were fomented by party leaders for their personal aggrandizement, and that if the great body of the people could be enlightened on the subject, many of the party leaders who have so long, for their own selfish purposes, been engaged in traducing the motives, and conduct, of the Whig party North and South, would be consigned to the oblivion they so justly merit. Our purpose is, to furnish them with the means of forming a correct judgment, on this important subject. To enable them to determine for themselves who are their true friends, and to show them the vast importance to their peculiar domestic institutions of sustaining the present administration.

After a heated political contest, Gen. Taylor was elected by the people. By the people, emphatically, for the politicians, by trade, lent him but a feeble support, until the *people* manifested their intention of taking the matter into their own hands. It then became the duty of all honest men to lend him an honest support,—To sustain him when right, and censure him when wrong. Instead of this, in the first opening of his administration, a savage, bitter, unprincipled war is waged against him in advance. Before any demonstration is made of the principles which are to govern, in the administration of the affairs of this great nation; where nothing in fact has been done, but the turning out of office a few office holders, the President and his cabinet are denounced as profligate and ignorant. If this were all, it might safely be left to the people, to apply the proper corrective. They would turn with disgust from this wholesale slander of the man of their choice, and would try him not by the denunciations of hungry, disappointed office seekers, but by his acts and principles, as evolved in the conduct of the national administration.

But this is not all. It is now manifest that the defeated party, in their anxiety to regain the *lost spoils*, are willing to peril everything that is dear, or rather which should be so considered by Southern men. In support of this grave charge we shall refer to undoubted facts which have just transpired and are now transpiring. And first, as most portentous of evil, we bring prominently forward, the recent alliance at the North, formed between the Free Soilers, the Abolitionists, and the Democrats. In Massachusetts this coalition was sufficiently formidable, to prevent the election of the chief magistrate of the State by the people, and to secure the election of certain members of Congress. The same result has taken place in Connecticut, and from the operation of the same causes, an open and avowed coalition of the Democrats and the Free Soil party. The legislature of this last State has convened, and the party having by this scheme secured a majority in one branch of the legislature, have parcelled out the offices in their gift, between the members of the new party, taking some from each.

So in Ohio, it was obvious at the last Presidential election, that Gen. Cass carried the State by the aid of the Free Soilers, and quite recently a Convention has been held in that State, when by resolution, the Free Soil party of that State were formally induced into the Democratic ranks, by the appellation of "Free Democrats." Among the number thus transferred to the Democratic fold was the notorious Giddings, the Abolitionist, who has for a great length of time been the great bugbear of the Southern Democracy, but who from this time will doubtless be considered, as one of the *natural allies* of the South. An attempt was also made recently to carry the election for Mayor in the City of New York, by the union of the Democrats with the Free Soil party, and which only failed from the inconsiderable number of the latter.

The fact is thus demonstrated, that there is more sympathy between the Abolition, or Free Soil party of the North, and Northern Democrats, than between them and the Northern Whigs; the fact that they coalesce for the purpose of pulling down the Whig party at the North, is conclusive proof of the fact.—But it is not left to conjecture or inference, the fact is broadly and distinctly stated by Mr. Phillips, one of the ablest lawyers of Massachusetts, at a recent abolition meeting:

"We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise."

From the Batesville (Arkansas) Eagle.

☞The National Anti-Slavery Standard, edited by Sydney Howard Gay, and published in New York, asks to exchange with us. Unlike some of our Southern brethren of the press, we shall comply with the request. We wish to see what is going on among the Abolitionists, and to judge for ourself touching their conduct. If our refusal to exchange would *stop* this paper, we most certainly should refuse; but we opine our refusal would cut a very small figure in the way of their prosperity or adversity. We should like to know of the editor of the Standard, whose interests he is most anxious to advance—those of the Whites, or those of the Blacks. To judge from the tone of his paper, one would be led to suppose, that the negroes of the South were treated with extreme harshness and cruelty, and that they are scarcely recognized as intelligent human beings. This betrays a wonderful ignorance, or a mischievous disposition.—The negroes of the South are better taken care of, better fed, more closely watched over in sickness, than the hired labourers of the Free States. We are satisfied of this. How we would like to see one of those hot-headed Abolitionists, witness for a brief period, the relations here between master and servant, the deep feeling of love that is so often manifested by the servant for his master, and every member of his master's family, and their kindness and attachment to their servants.

Will the Abolitionists, who are not rotten at heart, deny to us, the rights secured to us by the Constitution of the United States, and persist in interfering with matters which none others than ourselves, have the shadow of a shade of right to interfere with?

Do they, in reality, seek to better the condition of the negro? If they do, can they show, that by emancipating him this end will be accomplished? The Abolitionists, for the most part, are bitter enemies of colonization, and seek to turn the slaves loose among us; yet in very mockery of their pretended friendship for him, would not employ him in any labour where they could procure the services of white men. Go to the North and inquire into the condition of the free black there, and you will find many of them wretched, miserable objects, and for your life you could not get one of these tender-hearted Abolitionists to touch them with a forty foot pole. Show them a Southern gentleman with his servants, and they will expend their dimes like water, to rob him of his property.—It is not their love for the cause of Freedom, so much as their *venom* against the South, which actuates them. We speak of Abolitionists in the offensive sense of the term.

The man who is opposed to the extension of Slavery, who uses every constitutional means to prevent its going where it does not now exist, is deserving of respect—with such we have no fault to find. But with him who seeks to interfere with Slavery as it now exists in the Southern States, we find much fault. We view him as no better than the highway robber.

We are, however, slow to believe that the mass of the people of the free States, are unsound upon this subject. We have an abiding faith in their honesty and in their justice; and as to the threats of disunion, which come to us occasionally, from both North and South, we view them as idle and ridiculous. This glorious Confederacy is too dear to a vast majority of the American people, lightly to be disturbed. Wise heads and sage counsels will, we trust, for centuries to come, control this great Republic, and the United States continue to grow and prosper, despite the rascality of the Abolitionists, on the one hand, and the Cock-a-doodle-isms of the Quattlebums, on the other.

Great Nigger Meeting!—The "*Anti-Slavery Standard*," printed in New York City, has lately honoured several Southern papers with an exchange; and we have, also, received a couple of numbers of that delectable sheet. In the number of the 3d of May, the proceedings of "A great Anti-Colonization Mass Meeting" of the coloured *citizens* of the city of New York, occupy *fifteen* of its ample columns in small type! Governor Roberts, of Liberia, Elliott Cresson, of Philadelphia, Anson G. Phelps, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, come in for more than a full share of vituperation and abuse. The colonization scheme, these niggers denounce as "their abhorrence and contempt;" they declare "they will not move to Africa except by force;" that "as natives of the soil," feeling "an affinity and attachment thereto," it is their solemn determination, "while life lasts, to be neither seduced nor driven from their homes," &c., &c. In order to give an idea of the forward impertinence of these darkies, we copy a resolution offered by a Dr. James McCune Smith, denunciatory of the friends of what one of them calls the "infernal machinations" of the colonization scheme. It is in these words:

Resolved, "That this meeting do petition the Congress of the United States to appropriate a sum sufficient to colonize Elliot Cresson, Henry Clay, Anson G. Phelps and others, in the land of their forefathers; they being disturbers of the public peace, in persisting in urging coloured Americans to go to Africa, and in sending emissaries abroad to malign a large and respectable portion of the American people."

Another resolution, offered by a negro named Frederick Douglass, shows the deep hostility of these "unwelcome guests" of ours to the colonization scheme. It is in these words:

Resolved, "That if it be left optional with a slave, to go to Africa or not, we advise him not to go, but rather to remain here and add to the number of those who may yet imitate the example of OUR FATHERS of '76."

This is not all. One of them claims that the negroes are the legal owners of the soil of one half of the United States; that "the greatest statesmen in America have African blood in their veins;" and that "many who pass for white are one half negroes," &c., &c. We never, in our life, read so insolent a tirade of impertinent abuse, and it is truly astonishing that any community in the Union would, for a moment, tolerate it. The pilgrim fathers said, "where liberty dwells there is my country;" but these socially and politically degraded beings are so insensible to the blessings of equality, that they prefer a country to which their ancestors were *all* brought as *slaves*, and in which their descendants must all continue as a dependant and degraded caste, with social and political degradation, to the home of their forefathers, with liberty, independence, and equality. All these ideas are the suggestions of a set of canting white hypocrites, who persuade them to remain, in order that they may enjoy the sardonic pleasure of seeing amongst us the heterogeneous elements of National discord and discontent. They know the negro can never amalgamate with the whites without deteriorating and destroying the unity and superiority of our race, and that the safety of both requires their separation some time or other in the free States; but yet they can neither live with nor without their "coloured fellow-citizens" as neighbours! They wish to use them as tools to abuse and villify the South.—*Jackson (Miss.) Southron.*

☞One of the negroes in the great Anti-Colonization meeting in New York, assigns as a principal reason why free negroes should not consent to go to Africa, that they are wanted in the United States to "*teach*" their slave brethren their "rights!" This is a hint well worthy the attention of those who entertain honest prejudices against the policy of African colonization.—*Ibid.*

From the Charleston Mercury.

The Meeting of Delegates.—We give below a paper submitted by the Hon. F. W. Pickens, to the recent meeting at Columbia. This proposition, together with sundry resolutions, presented by other delegates, was referred to a committee of twenty-one, but after consideration, it was deemed unnecessary to go so deeply into the question, or to enter upon so lengthy an exposition. The tone and spirit of the address were highly commended, and we believe met with the hearty and cordial sympathy of the entire meeting, and at the request of several of the members we have procured it from the author, who has kindly consented to its publication.

The country has just past through a war that has covered our arms with glory; and the acquisition of vast foreign territory is severely testing the capacity of the Federal Compact for expansion. If the same patriotic spirit of justice and compromise, that animated those who formed that compact, could again pervade those whose duty it is to preserve it, then there would be no difficulty in the questions that arise.

The simple principles that are involved in a confederation of equal and independent States, are capable of being enlarged and expanded, so as to embrace almost a boundless extent of territory, and a great variety of interests, provided that the common Government of the whole carefully abstain from all interference with the local interests of the States, or the pursuits of the people as individuals. So soon as it deviates from this course, it creates a struggle for sectional power and ascendancy, which disturbs the harmony that ought to exist between equals, and endangers the preservation of the compact itself.

Every people have their criterion by which to judge of liberty; and after a people have become educated, under the standard they have formed, they are bound to preserve it; and if they submit to its violation they finally become self abused and sink into degradation.

In former ages the great struggle was to acquire and defend personal rights; but we have long since passed that stage, in the progress of civil liberty. The great struggle now is to preserve and defend the separate interests and rights of independent communities. Bound together as we are under our Constitution, liberty is as much violated by interfering with the separate interests of our independent communinities, as it was formerly by the acts of despotism trampling over the personal rights of freemen. Liberty is itself progressive, and enlarges and expands with progressive civilization. Our system is more complicated and refined, to suit a higher grade of general intelligence, than has heretofore been diffused among any people.

The war that has been waged upon our local and domestic institutions, waged as it has been by our co-partners in the Confederacy, is a war upon civil liberty as it exists under our great charter of rights. In regard to the abstract question that may be involved in domestic servitude, South Carolina has no defence to make. She acknowledges no tribunal before which the pleadings can be made upon such an issue, save her own sovereign will. It is enough for us to know that this institution has been inherited by us from a brave and virtuous ancestry, and that in the progress of events, it has become identified with the political power and existence of the State itself. South Carolina acceded as a State to the Federal Compact with this institution as it now exists. We acceded as States who were to be equals and co-partners. And if any rights or interests be acquired over new and foreign territories, they accrue to the Federal Government, by virtue of the conjoined sovereignty of the States, which that Government was created to represent. And if its power be exercised so as to exclude any portion of the co-partners from the rights and interests they acquired, it is a violation of the original terms of the compact; and if persisted in, is a virtual change of the Government, and we are not bound to abide it. The Constitution, under which the Federal Government acts, was created by States alone, and can be amended or abrogated only by the States as States. Knowing these things, we would be untrue to the great principles of civil liberty as they exist amongst us, if we were to submit to any change or infraction of the original terms of compact, save through the mode and manner prescribed by the instrument itself.

In this point of view, the subject becomes one of much greater magnitude than anything involved in the abstract question that grows out of domestic servitude. It is a question that involves the political independence and the highest constitutional attributes of the State as a State. We would be faithless guardians of the trust reposed in us by a confiding people, if we were to stand by and quietly see them deprived of any right as equals of the people of any other State in this Confederacy.

It is a fatal error to suppose that this Union can be preserved by the power of numbers, and the force of arms.

It is justice, truth, and a fair exercise of the powers granted under the Federal Compact, that can alone save this Union. Give us these, and there is no battle-field where the flag of the Union shall wave but where some men of South Carolina shall fall in its defence, as they have heretofore done, both at home and in a foreign land. We love the Union which our forefathers made; we love the Union that springs from the genius and the spirit of the Constitution, *but no other*.

It would be doing great injustice to our brethren of the Northern States to suppose that we have no friends amongst them. A powerful and talented portion of them are sincerely devoted to guarding and protecting all the rights secured to us under the Federal Compact. They are for the Constitution as it is and for the Union under it.

We hope and trust that those who are true to the country, and all its great interests and institutions, will do their duty faithfully, and preserve the good and the wise in every section from the fatal consequences that may be forced upon us by mad ambition and fanticism. But, nevertheless, it is due to ourselves to know, that if we have not the spirit and the power (if need be) to defend and protect our own rights there are none who will do it for us.

We have sister Southern States, identified with us in interest and in feeling. Our institutions are the same, and our destiny must be the same. Consultation with them, cordial harmony and concert, will give us strength and power in the future conflicts that may arise. If we move in concert there is no difficulty in preserving our peculiar rights and the Union too. If we bury all past jealousies and rivalships, and come together in united and patriotic feeling, the danger will be past, and the Union, with all its concerted glories, becomes perpetual.

In the Southern communities of this Union, the division in population is not into capitalists and labourers, but between the black and the white races, where all political power is openly vested in the latter. We own labour itself as well as its proceeds, and thus are, to all intents and purposes, both labourers and capitalists. The consequence is that we become the conservative portion of the Confederacy. Most great struggles in government arise from the conflicts between capital and labour, and the Northern States, from their organization, cannot escape that conflict. In the great contests and interests that arise through the exertion of the taxing power by the Federal Government, we are necessarily thrown on the side of justice and equality, and become identified with popular rights. Concert of action and consultation, then, with our sister Southern States to preserve our own peculiar rights, is not only essential to our political liberties, but makes us the conservative power of the Union itself; without the balance from our power, this complex system of conflicting interests would run into dissolution.

The history of the last twelve months, amongst the most enlightened people of Europe, has taught the world to feel that Governments are not so stable and sacred as they were formerly supposed to be. The lesson may have its influence here as well as elsewhere. One great consideration that has heretofore bound this Union together arose from the fear that European Governments, with monarchical institutions, might interfere to conquer or subsidise fragments of the Confederacy. The extraordinary developments of the last twelve mouths have entirely dispelled that fear. The day has passed when their Governments can ever again interfere in American politics. Under these circumstances there never was a period when justice, forbearance, and a strict adherence to the wise compromises of the Constitution, were more necessary to preserve and perpetuate this Union. Unjust and unconstitutional interference on a delicate and vital question, if persevered in, may finally excite a pacific, but proud and brave people, maddened by insult and wanton wrong, to take steps from which there can be no retreat with honour, and the consequences of which no man can foresee. If the swords of freemen should ever once tremble in their scabbards, from the perpetration of insult and wrong, the magic spell that binds us to this Union will be dissolved, and that hallowed devotion which we have been taught in the consecrated recollections of the past to cherish for it, will be forgotten amid the fierce conflicts that must arise, when States will organize with the will and the power to be free and independent, be the consequences what they may.

At the present time we should carefully avoid doing anything calculated to isolate South Carolina from her sister Southern States. But we should ever remember that the emblems of State sovereignty rise all around us. The Declaration of Independence itself; the articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the Union, all proclaim the separate sovereignty and independence of the States in any final issue that may arise.

Waiting the progress of events, we, at present, adopt and re-affirm the resolutions of Virginia, and pledge ourselves to co-operate with her in any emergency that may occur.

Calhoun Disunionists and the Abolitionists.—We copy the following pointed and sensible article [*vide* Standard of May 24th] from the *N. Y. Express*, a whig journal. There are, here and there, expressions which we would wish to change; but in the main the article breathes a truthful earnest and patriotic spirit, and the parallel drawn between the disunionists and abolitionists is rarely notable and just.

The Abolition resolution advocating the destruction of the Union *in order to get at Slavery*, and the declaration of the no orious Wendell Phillips, that the Abolitionists "intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country" (a declaration identical almost word for word, with that made by Mr. Stanton on Tuesday night, May 29th,) deserve the special notice of Southern men.—*Memphis Eagle.*

☞Below we give a communication of a citizen of Savannah to the Republic denouncing some late imprudencies in the transportation of negroes. Our notion about the Colonization Society is, that it is in no very enviable position before the people of the United States. How do its members feel? They are denounced North as being pro-slavery in their principles, and denounced South for improperly disturbing the public peace. Better take your negroes, gentlemen, and go yourselves to Liberia if you are not able to conduct yourselves prudently and circumspectly. If the work you are engaged in is a worthy one, then you should have worthy agents to perform it. If it is not worthy, quit it. Nothing is worth doing at all which is not worth doing well:

The Liberia Emigration.—Messrs. Editors: As a citizen of Savannah, and slaveholder, solemnly do I protest against a repetition of such a scene as was enacted on Monday, at one of the wharves of our seaport. I was a witness of the departure of the barque Huma, with her freight of emigrants for Liberia; but respectfully call the prompt and immediate intervention of our City Council to adopt such prudential measures as that no *such* departures again occurs from Savannah. I also invoke a presentment of opinion from the grand jurors of the county, promulgating a decided expression of their views on the subject, which will be responded to doubtless by the people generally. If it be necessary, I suggest that a town meeting should be convened, that *forever hereafter in this city*, no such furor and excitement among our blacks, free or slaves, should be allowed to be gotten up, by any one, as has been at work for a few weeks past. These prospective Liberians have been swaggering among our black population, to no benefit of the latter, you may be assured, ever since the Huma landed here up to the time of her departure. I have no objection to the purposes of the Colonization Society, but let those who are honest and disinterested about it, remove the emigrants to Liberia in a quiet unostentatious and unobtrusive way—in fact, in a totally different manner than such as characterized the proceedings of Monday; and *elsewhere* than from the wharves of Savannah. There are many other ways in which this object may be effected, than by a congregation of about two thousand negro idlers huzzaing to negro harrangues, and shouting to Yankee Doodle from a band of music, &c., and thus presenting mock-heroic opportunities for negro excitement and idleness; not to mention a very improper dissatisfaction which may be (if not already) created among those who remain with us. Let the Liberia emigration be *properly* conducted, and I for one, do not object to, but favour it. But I repeat, sirs, I do protest against the "ways and means, and manner," in which the whole affair has lately been conducted in this place, in connec ion with the sailing of the Huma, and her sojourn at our city. I trust that the reflecting portion of our commnnity will look to this matter. And to all whom this communication interests, I have for the present only to add "a word to the wise is sufficient."

A Savannian.

From the (San Augustine) Texas Union.

Canada and Cuba.—All the most reliable authorities now agree that there is strong probability of a speedy disruption between Canada and the mother country.

It is indeed surprising, that with such a picture of prosperity and happiness as our government presents, spread out before her, she was so long been nursed and diplomatized into submission to British Tyranny.

But "the dream is past"—"the last link is *well-nigh* broken," that chained her to the British sceptre.

Our Government, resolved on maintaining *its* neutrality, has ordered military forces to be thrown upon our northern boundary, to prevent our citizens from joining the Canadians and fighting with them against transatlantic aggression.

But there are reasons to suppose, this effort of our government will be vain. It will be impossible to restrain our people on this side the line. It will be, as when Napoleon returned from Elba, or when Gaines crossed the Sabine—the very soldiers placed there to *prevent* others, will be the first to disobey and join the Canadians. Moreover the contest for liberty is too glorious for our citizens to remain idle spectators within hearing of the muttering cannon.

And there is another and more important reason why our northern citizens will strongly sympathize with their Canada neighbours, to give at once the overmastering preponderance to Free-Soilism. Let Canada be annexed, and an abolition President, Horace Greely for instance, could be immediately elected, every Free Soil measure carried, and our slaves liberated without our consent and perhaps in our midst. To talk about a dissolution of the Union would be idle. The South would not, could not do it. It is itself divided. The strong legions of Whiggery that people Southern States will inevitably co-operate with the North, and who would be left to form a Southern Confederacy? It is a dismal scene to contemplate but it is real true, and has already begun to be *acted*. But over this picture apparently so dark and alarming, there is one quarter from which light breaks in,—we think we see 'light ahead.' There also lies near us at the South, a fair island, rich, and populous. We have not coveted it, we have not lusted after its wealth, and have not fomented sedition there. But the jealous matron Spain, herself inconstant, cannot deem it possible that Uncle Sam can dwell so near her fair daughter of the Gulf, and not desire to enjoy her fair *arrondissement* and possess her power.

With such jealous fears, Spain has lately passed such regulations of search and insult to American citizens, as bid fair to precipitate the very thing they are intended to prevent. American citizens not in Cuba alone, but in Southern ports, and on all the seas, are to be subject to Spanish *espionage*, to have their trunks examined, their papers and pockets searched, [and picked too] to discover, trace out or suppress *plots for the annexation of Cuba!!*

Ours are a working people. Each one has his own business, and has little motive and less time to machinate such plots. Our trade is most valuable and interesting to the people of Cuba. This uncalled for interruption of their intercourse will do more to wean Cuba from Spain than all we could have done. And if this system of search and pillage does not lead to a war, the expenses of which Cuba, [more territory,] will have to pay, there will be no more quieting this matter till *Cuba* is presented in Congress. Then will *her* delegation form an equipoise to that of Canada, and our glorious Union move harmoniously on. *Nous verrons*, as father Ritchie says.

From the (Columbia) South Carolinian.

The South and the Union.—As early as 1846 we advocated the propriety and expediency of a General Southern Convention. We felt convinced that opposition to our institutions was assuming a form that would render it formidable, and one which, if not checked in its inception, must necessarily involve the country in serious evils, if not ultimately productive of a disruption of the Confederacy. So long as abolition sentiments and doctrines were confined to a few fanatics, so long as Slavery was warred against *merely* as a sinful social system, we had no fears for the result of such a crusade, when in the ranks we found only a few old women and deluded fanatics. The people of the South could and did successfully, by the usual means of argument and reasoning, defeat at all points all the whining sophistry of Abolitionists both here and in Europe. Abolition sentiments soon died away in England; and at home the movement assumed a more threatening aspect, by leading men at the North announcing as a political axiom that it was essential for the prosperity of the Northern States to "break down the slave power." It was *then* that the South should have arrested this sectional contest for political power by solemnly reiterating their constitutional rights, and their determination and ability to maintain them. There can be no man of common understanding who will deny that if aggression had been opposed at the threshold then, firmly and wisely, the ominious agitation now prevailing throughout, the country might have been averted.

What is now the position of this question, and what are the signs in the political firmament? There is truly a gloomy picture presented. The Senators and Representatives from the Southern States, impelled by the danger which they saw threatened the rights, interests, and welfare of the people they represented, made an effort to unite the Southern people by detailing as simply as possible a history of the aggressions which must inevitably destroy their equality and prostrate their political and social institutions. But was this effort itself intended to unite the people of the South matured in the spirit of union? No! Personal and party jealousies destroyed in a great measure its utility, and rendered totally futile its object. It went forth with the seal of condemnation virtually placed upon it by many of the Southern delegates themselves, and that carefully and well considered paper was pronounced to be a bantling of "disunionists!" How slender then is the hope that the South, if she continues alienated by party divisions, will be able to retain her equality or preserve her constitutional rights. To say that Mr. Calhoun and those associated with him in the Southern Address were not justified under the Constitution in making the declaration they did, would be an assertion as absurd as it is false. To say that the Southern members of Congress overestimated the danger of the South or the necessity for this exposition, is equally absurd, as every day's experience will plainly demonstrate. The safety of the South lies only in the union of her people, and we may rant and rave as much as you please: but so long as party divisions override any proposed action on our part, there can be no hope that the attempted transgressions will be stayed. There can be no hope for the South as long as her people cherish and support the presses which class Southern men attempting to defend themselves from wrong as "birds of a feather" with the rabble who compose the Anti-Slavery Society of New York; or so long as a press, situated within twelve hour's ride of Columbia, proclaims with impunity that its neighbours of South Carolina, as well as the people of Mississippi and Virginia, are "disunionists" and "revolution mongers."

The South throughout her limits has exercised forbearance; the Union is dear to her people, and must remain so. It is a libel—a foul-mouthed libel of partisan editors to say that those who are contending for their rights under the constitution are "revolution-mongers." They alone manifest their devotion to this Confederacy who are determined at all hazards to preserve inviolate and intact the Constitution; and they only are disunionists who would attempt to set it aside; or who would counsel assent to the violation of one of its provisions or advise submission to the infraction of a single right guaranteed by that sacred instrument. The more attached to the Constitution in its strictest construction any man shows himself to be, the greater is evidently his devotion to the Union. And the people of the South, in every effort they make to preserve their rights and defend their institutions, prove their devotion to that Union which came from the hands of those who formed it and sealed its perpetuity with that solemn compact which many of the non-slaveholding States have pronounced an "unholy thing."

But however jealously we would watch over the chartered rights of Southern citizens, we cannot believe that a wholesale denunciation of every man north of Mason and Dixon's line or a suspicious scrutiny of those among us, natives of Northern States, can strengthen our hands, or is justifiable by the exigencies of our situation. When we find men—and there are such—whose public lives have evinced their devotion to *our* rights, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse people around them, it is our duty and highest interest to sustain them, and not to cast them off as enemies because the accident of birth has placed their lot in different circumstances from our own.—And although they may not be able to occupy every plank of the "Southern Platform," or go with us to the extremest limits of what *we* consider but righteous demands, yet it becomes us, if from no higher motives than that of policy, to extend to them a friendly hand, and second even the feeblest efforts to save the Union, when we know these efforts generally crush them at home. Such a man was Hannegan, and such a man was Brown, of Pennsylvania, and such are others who, if open warfare was to commence to-morrow, would be found battling for the South and the Constitution.

Our conclusions, then, are these: that if a General Southern Convention were held without respect to party—one in which every slaveholding State in the Union was fully represented—if this convention would meet the issue as *American citizens*, determined at all hazards to maintain the Constitution of the United States, and defend the rights it guaranties, they would find men at the North ready and willing to sustain them, and men too who would rally around them every true patriot from Maine to Maryland.—Another conclusion we arrive at is, that without such Convention—or an equivalent expression of public sentiment from all the Southern States—every effort to preserve our rights, will, we fear, prove futile.—Every effort we make, every "movement" in the South, should have for its chief and paramount object the union of the South, not only for the sake of our cherished rights, but for the sake of the Union. We still believe that firm and concerted *action* will secure the rights we contend for, and save the Union from disruption.

From the (Columbia, S. C.) Telegraph.

Northern Socialism—The Moral of the Riots.—American blood has been shed on American soil on several occasions of late years, in collisions between the constituted authorities and an armed mob, and in each and every instance these almost revolutionary outbreaks have occurred on what is falsely termed Free Soil—in Philadelphia and New York most dangerously of all. The frequent displays of mob spirit in Cincinnati have made that city proverbial for disorder, but these tumults have never been sternly put down by the strong arm of military force, possibly through prudential motives. The Boston war on *women* we would not dwell upon—let oblivion cover that outrage upon the public peace and honour with the same pall that shrouds the Hartford Convention—a Free soil shoot also!

The conflict in Philadelphia which kept that city in a state of siege for weeks, was partly political and partly religious in its character—an odd compound of politics and piety, nativism and "no popery"—mixed up with the elements of Socialism, then first developing itself, but destined to array class against class, and convulse the North with a conflict between labour and property. Those Philadelphia riots threatened social order for a time, but were not so menacing and dangerous as this last bloody drama at New York, under which lurk the grim features of future scenes and perils more tragic still.

While the Abolition Societies were in session in that city, plotting our destruction and gloating over their perfidious projects, and those who should have frowned them down tacitly sanctioned their frenzied folly, the roar of ordnances at their own doors announced the attempt of their own citizens to establish a Reign of Terror among themselves—for Mob-law is the most terrible of all despotisms—and the first throes of the volcanoe over which they were reposing started them to a sense of their own weakness and their own danger.

We have repeatedly declared our conviction that the existence and safety of the North depended upon their connection with the reviled, plundered and persecuted South—and the late riots serve but to confirm that conviction. The quarrels of Actors were but the pretext for that outbreak—the latent object lurked deeper down; the real motive principle was to be sought in the course and conduct of the rioters—and the first cry that heralded the outbreak was, "three groans for the codfish aristocracy!" and most heartily was it responded to. Then followed the meeting in the Park, where language and sentiments stolen from Robespierre and his compeers, were hailed with acclamations by the thousands there assembled—and the poor arrayed in direct hostility to the rich, as *natural enemies*.

Such was the character of the appeals made the means of stirring up the passions of the people—and *successfully*, as the issue proved, when the police and the military were almost stoned to death before firing in self-defence. Last, and most conclusive evidence of all is to be found in the spirit of the testimony before the Coroner's inquest, breathing of revenge and hate, "baffled, and yet burning still."

The details of Gen. Sanford's testimony prove that no child's play was intended by the rioters, numbered by him at from 10 to 20,000 men—*all* of whom could not have been the scum and refuse of the city—nor *many* spectators, where curiosity was so dangerous—and he distinctly declares the purpose of the mob to put down the authorities, by slaying all who opposed them.

The people of the North have brought this thing on themselves. As they have sown so have they reaped. To gain the political control of the legislation of the county they have fostered and encouraged a wild spirit of license beyond the law, and broached the doctrine that the will of the majority was the supreme law above and beyond all written charters and Constitutions. To cripple our power and impede our progress they have propagated and encouraged doctrines of the most radical and destructive character, subversive of the rights of property, and of law and order—and the bloodhounds they have trained to hunt us down have turned to throttle the game nearer home.

In preaching up the doctrine of universal equality, and the iniquity of all social distinctions founded on [illegible] equally the fruits earned by the skill and labour of the few—and that the right to property was only to be respected in proportion to the power of the proprietor forcibly to retain it—the Northern demagogues and their dupes have stirred up a spirit among all the needy, the desperate, the discontented and the ambitious among themselves, that has made them ripe and ready for a social revolution. Their own prints—those unfailing exponents of public sentiment—proclaim this, and deprecate the dangers which they evidently dread.

The *Herald* closes an editorial in these ominous words, containing an admission at once of the danger and its causes:

The late fearful riot has opened up a new and alarming subject of investigation, and that is, how far the anarchical Socialism of *The Tribune* and its French associates has operated in this community in upsetting the foundations of law and order, and arraying the poor against the rich? Who can tell to what extent the inflammatory declamation of *The Tribune* has operated in exciting the worst passions of the mob, at the late awful riot? For years that journal has been stimulating the hostility of the poor and idle against the rich and industrious. Do we now really see the beginning of Socialism in America?

Thus do the designs and schemes of demagogues, strengthened by popular forbearance and imbecility, recoil on the heads of those men who do not crush the viper in the egg, but cherish it until it hisses and stings and rears its foul crest above those who recognize its true nature too late.

Between Slavery, the "peculiar institution," of the South, and Socialism, the "peculiar institution" of the North, the advantage is very great on the Southern side.

From the [Wheeling Va.] Gazette.

The Ultraist Coalition.—We have noticed more than once, says the *Baltimore American* the extraordinary combination which unites the Nullifiers of the South and the Abolitionists of the North in a harmonious agreement upon the subject of disunion. "A continuance in the Union as it is," say the Nullifiers, "will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally." The Abolitionists chime in with beautiful concord. "We confess," such is their language, "that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise."

It is kind in these gentlemen, having such formidable intentions, to give the country notice of their designs. We have no doubt but that they truly deplore the necessity they are under of trampling upon the Constitution, and would avoid such an unpleasant extremity if they could do so consistently with their sense of solemn obligations. The fly sitting upon the ox's horn was not more distressed at the idea of his being oppressive to the ox, apologizing in the most polite manner for persisting in such a liberty, than are these friends of man, under the self-imposed persuasion that they are bound to dissever the Union and destroy the Constitution. A painful duty, especially to the tender-hearted!

But since the thing must be done, the sooner the agony is over the better. It is annoying, and to nervous persons extremely worrying, to live in constant apprehension of a great catastrophe; as, for instance, to go to bed, night after night, not knowing but that they may wake up in the morning and find the Union broken and the Constitution trampled under foot.

Willing to know the worst, rather than continue in a state of deplorable uncertainty and alarm, we venture to suggest to the amiable philanthropists of the North and the inflammable fire-eaters of South Carolina, that agreeing as they do in their high and solemn purpose of destroying the Union, they should meet together in Convention, and fix upon some system of co-operative action, by which their great cause may be forwarded, and be put in a way of successful consummation. We undertake at once to invite them to meet in the city of Baltimore—a central point, easy of access, and known to be a hospitable place. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Garrison might fraternize here with loving sympathy, and to the great edification of surrounding spectators. There are many convenient structures in our city where the Convention might hold its sittings; but in view of its great design, and with an eye to proper accommodations, we might mention the top of Washington Monument as admirably adapted to the purpose proposed. The municipal authorities will probably have the city clean by the time the Convention meets, so that, altogether the delegates may expect to have a very good time.

From the New Orleans Bee.

The Madness of Fanaticism.—We have often endeavoured to point out the affinities existing between the ultra-Abolitionists of the North and the ultra-Disunionists of the South; and to demonstrate that in the spirit of mischief and in the tendency to create an excitement utterly deleterious to the welfare of our institutions, these two factions meet on common ground, even when harbouring the most violent hostility towards each other. An able cotemporary, the Baltimore *American*—views their petition in the same light, and illustrates it by cogent evidence drawn from the recorded language and sentiments of their leaders.

Take for instance the opinions advanced by one of Mr. Calhoun's favourite organs—the Columbia (S. C.) *Telegraph*. That journal in the annexed paragraphs calmly contemplates the dismemberment of the Union as a consummation devoutly to be wished, and advantageous in every respect to the South:

"A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people without partaking of their vices; or, in other words, 'we cannot touch filth without being defiled.' In the event of secession, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, and her peculiar institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Confederacy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest destiny, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration if not the envy of the world."

In accordance with such views as these, the people of South Carolina are holding meetings preparatory to an organized resistance or a concerted secession in case the Wilmot Proviso should be adopted by Congress. Why they remained quiet when the Oregon Territorial Bill, which contained the Proviso, was signed by Mr. Polk, we are not told. Nor are we told what they will do if it should happen that the Proviso question in California and New Mexico were to settle itself without the intervention of Congress. In such an event, unless some escape-pipe or safety-valve were provided, there might be a dangerous dispersion of accumulated wrath and patriotism. But Let us hope for the best.

To that other tale, "told by an idiot," the reader may now turn. The Abolitionists have recently met in their annual Convention in New York, where,

among other resolutions offered by EDMUND QUINCY, the following were adopted:

Resolved, That that which is giving strength, extension and perpetuity to Slavery—to wit, The Union—on being overthrown by a peaceful withdrawal from it by the non-slaveholding States, for conscience sake and for self-preservation, must necessarily weaken, limit and speedily extirpate Slavery from the American soil. Therefore,

Resolved, That the motto of every Christian and of every patriot should be. "No union with slaveholders, either religiously or politically."

Resolved, That this is not a question of expediency, on which action may be innocently deferred "till a more convenient season," but one of absolute morality—of obedience to God, and fidelity to mankind—to be met and carried out to the letter without delay.

What a remarkable coincidence of opinion between the slaveholder and the Abolitionist. "The Union as it is," says South Carolina, "will ruin us pecuniarily and politically, and corrupt us morally." "The dissolution of the Union," responds the Abolitionist, "is a question of absolute morality—of obedience to God and fidelity to mankind." "Accursed Abolitionists," cries the Southern fanatic, "we will dissolve the Union!" "Impenitent and hard-hearted Slaveholders," retorts the fanatic of the North, "that is just what we want." What a beautiful alliance between deadly foes! They hate each other with intensity of abhorence, but they loath with even more thorough detestation that Union to which both are alike indebted for property and happiness. Thus, finely, observes the journal which we have quoted above, the two wings of Nullifiers and Abolitionists moving away from one another on the circumference of a circle, have kept backing and backing and backing, until they have met on the other side. Upon the platform of disunion they can act in concert. In the elements of national chaos and anarchy they are able to find the materials of harmony with each other; and if the torch should be applied to the majestic temple of our Liberty and Union, the light of the conflagration would but serve to each his own smile of joy reflected in the face of the other.

From the Savannah Republican.

ABOLITION INCENDIARIES.—We remarked some two weeks ago, that one JARVIS C. BACON had been arrested in Virginia, charged with circulating Abolition documents. As a proper punishment of this incendiary, we expressed the hope that our friends in Virginia would administer justice upon him "according to the well known principles of *Lynch Law*." The New York *Commercial Advertiser* quotes a *portion* of our article, and characterises it as "an unblushing avowal of a determination to meet argument by violence"—as "a bold provocative to assassination"—as "bare faced encouragement to anarchy and murder"—and even adds, that if Mr. BACON is lynched, we "will be liable to indictment and prosecution, as an accessory before the fact or as having incited to outrage." In addition to this, our cotemporary discants vindictively upon the "supremacy of the law," the virtue of "justice," a "premium upon anarchy and violence, and a step backward toward barbarism."

This is strong and bitter language—too strong and bitter to be just. Indeed, the violence and malignity of the *Advertiser* so far transcend the bounds of propriety, that, we doubt not, it will convince the reader it would be as unsafe to entrust the administration of "law" and "justice" to the hands of its Editor, as it would be to ourselves, notwithstanding his cant and virtuous indignation. The true lovers of peace and order do not fly into a passion, and rant about "blood" and "anarchy," "murder," "violence" and "barbarism," when they are combatting what they suppose to be an error. We would not like to jeopard our rights, and especially our *political* rights, by submitting them to the arbitrament of such violent and incendiary jurors.

The *Advertiser* says:

"Admit, for the sake of argument—and probably as the law of Virginia now stands it must be admitted without qualification—that Mr. Bacon, whom the editor of the Republican urges the people to Lynch, has acted illegally—does not Virginia possess laws by which she can sufficiently punish him? Has she not power to uphold and enforce the law?",

This reason appears to be fair upon its face, so far as Mr. BACON'S case goes. But admitting that he would be safely kept, and tried, and punished according to the laws of Virginia, we might join issue with the *Advertiser* and show that the effect of a speedy and summary punishment would be greater in deterring other fanatics, than the tardy process and penalty of the law. Indeed we entertain not the least doubt that, if it were known to the incendiary philanthropists of the Northern States that they would be dealt with in a decisive and summary manner immediately on their capture, they would attempt less frequently to come among us for the unholy purpose of poisoning the minds of our slaves. But the argument comes with a bad grace from one who hails from the kidnapping States of the North. It is very easy to step over MASON & DIXON'S line, circulate any quantity of Abolition documents, and then decamp back to the free States with as many slaves as can be induced to follow. And how often have these incendiaries done this and been pursued without success. If the owner overtakes them with his slaves, he stands no chance of recovering the one or of bringing the other to punishment. Even in New York the case would be carried before a Court only to be dismissed, and the man in pursuit of his property turned out with every mark of abuse and injustice. Indeed, in many instances, Southern men pursuing their slaves into the free States have been mobbed, and in one case that we remember, a gentleman from Maryland was killed. Still, with these facts staring it in the face, the *Advertiser* has the hardihood to talk about "*law*" and "*justice*." The Constitution of the United States declares, that "persons held to service" in one State and escaping into another, "*shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.*" Yet does not the *Advertiser* know that this provision of the Constitution, adopted by a unanimous vote, is constantly violated? That it is rendered null and void by hostile acts of legislation on the part of the free States, intended to defeat our claims by all kinds of devices, and by interposing every description of hindrance, to say nothing of the resistance of officers and magistrates, backed in many instances by mobs and presses?

But this is not all. It is believed that there are organized bands in nearly all of the Northern States along the line, whose business it is to circulate abolition publications among our slaves,* and to decoy and inveigle them off to the free States, from whence they are immediately transported to Canada, where there is no law for their recovery. Besides this, the Southern people have not forgotten the causes which led to the separation of the Methodist Church, now the fact that the Southern branch of it has been compelled to sue for its portion of the Church property, notwithstanding it is conceded at the North that we are entitled to the larger share of it. But this fact and these combinations amount to nothing. The *Advertiser* passes them by, and with pharisaical solemnity gratuitously lectures us upon justice and order. Larceny may be perpetrated upon us by its fanatical fellow citizens, our slaves incited to insurrection or decoyed off, the Coustitution disregarded, and the whole body of the Southern people insulted by the midnight operations of abolition emissaries, and yet we have not a word from this lecturer upon law and order. But when his co-labourers do all in their power to prevent the re-capture of fugitive slaves by legislative enactments, by mobs and even by taking life, and we advise in self-defence a resort to summary punishment, we are denounced as the advocates of murder and assassination.—Away with such justice and such morality! They may suit that latitude where mobs have to be put down by means of the military; where the prize Fighter is honoured with an enthusiastic reception by huzzaing thousands, and where (as occurred in Pittsburg the other day) difficulties between members of the same church are settled by a general fight, in the temple consecrated to the worship of God, and in which both men and women participated.

As we remarked in our former article, this tampering with our well fed, well clothed and contented slaves, is not only injurious to them but it is the highest offence against the laws and peace of the Southern States. Indeed, every such attempt only *tightens* the bonds of the slave, while it strikes a blow at the happiness, the safety, and the prosperity of the whites, and at the permanance of our wise and wholesome institutions. *Lynch Law* then is the only remedy, and the proper remedy for all such fanatical philanthropists. No emissary with a Bible in one hand and a torch in the other, should be allowed to travel through the land and sow his incendiary and fatal doctrines in our midst. It is an unholy work, a propagandism of evil, of strife, of fire and blood, and not of peace and happiness. Demagogues may denounce us in Congress, and their followers in the State Legislatures and in primary meetings may assail us with abusive resolutions; all this is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, so long as they do not lay violent hands upon our rights. But they tread upon forbidden ground, or rather upon burning ploughshares, when they seek to infuse into the minds of our slaves that fell doctrine of disobedience which brought down upon our first parents the curse of Heaven, and upon us "all our woe." Indeed they are the vilest enemies of law and order. They are worse than the pirate, for he only takes our property; or the incendiary, for he only burns our houses; or the traitor, for he may be met by the whole civil and military power of the country, and his treason crushed. But there is no parallel for the wretch who comes amongst us, it may be at night, and distils a poison that may lead, not merely to the destruction of property, but to other scenes from which the mind recoils with horror. Such a creature is the enemy of mankind; and nothing but his death, and that in the most impressive and summary manner, can atone for his enormous crime. We are as much the friends of justice as our cotemporary, but not of that justice which disregards constitutions, violates laws, sustains fanaticism, and upholds a morbid political and religious incendiarism.

* We know of no such associations.—[ED. *Standard*.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1849.

Advertisement.

The NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is published on Thursday of every week by The AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY at its office, 142 Nassau street, New York.

As the object of the Society is the ABOLITION OF AMERICAN CHATTEL SLAVERY, which is sustained, and can exist only, by virtue of a corrupt public sentiment, so the purpose of the Society's Organ, the STANDARD, is to establish the great truth, by facts of experience, and appeals to reason and common sense, that Slavery is economically, politically, morally, and religiously, a gigantic error, and a sin of the deepest dye, and should, therefore, be immediately, totally, and unconditionally, abandoned. It enforces the duty of secession from the body of a Church which palliates or defends such a system, and repudiates a Union whose common bond is the oppression of one sixth of the people.

It is the aim of those to whose management the paper is entrusted to make it, not only a faithful and earnest exponent of the highest Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country, but also a complete history of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. A portion of its columns is always devoted to selections from other papers, both Northern and Southern, presenting, so far as it is presented through the public press, the pro-slavery or Anti-Slavery complexion of the different sections of the Union.

It is designed also to be a good *family newspaper*, and contains always a brief synopsis of the most important current intelligence. Its fourth page is exclusively of a literary character, and is carefully collated from the best Foreign and Domestic Publications.

The STANDARD is edited by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, EDMUND QUINCY, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Mr. GAY is he resident editor, and its chief management is entrusted to him. Each number of the paper will contain an article in the editorial columns from either MR. QUINCY or MR LOWELL over their proper initials.

RICHARD D. WEBB of Dublin, whose letters to the *Standard* have excited so much attention hitherto, for their just and discriminating view of Irish affairs, and for their general great ability and interest, will continue a regular correspondent of the paper.

Its price is $2 per annum, and the Executive Committee confidently and earnestly commend it to the patronage of the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all all opponents of American Slavery, as worthy, both for its object and its character, of their support

Mr. Clay belied in Europe.

The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* publishes without dissent a letter from Richard D. Webb, of Dublin, Ireland, full of dulcet encomium on the beneficence and mercy of British rule in that favoured Island, and of rejoicing at the failure of the Revolutionary movement of the Young Ireland party last year, from which we make the following extract:

"I thank you for the *New York Tribune* you sent me. I don't know whether you thought I would be more amused by Henry Clay's plan for gradual emancipation in Kentucky, or Horace Greeley's glorification of the philanthropy and statesmanship exhibited in this illustrious proof of attachment to liberty, exhibited by his guide, philosopher and friend. In either case my natural love for drollery has been fully gratified. Both Clay and Greeley are droll, but Greeley, being most inconsistent, is most ridiculous. The great Kentuckian, seeing that the perpetuation of Slavery in the United States is impossible, and that some of the popular politicians must come forward with some plan, has produced a scheme such as one might expect from a lover of liberty, whose appreciation of justice and humanity is shown in the (*in*) famous declaration that his fifty slaves are 'fat and sleek.' He takes care to postpone the commencement of his plan to a date so distant that we may hope he will not be there to see. Talking of fanaticism, I know of no fanaticism so horrible as this clinging of American Freemen to American Slavery. They cling to it with an individual tenacity such as no nation has ever shown in its attachment to liberty. There is something infernal in this horrible fidelity. Here is this Clay, who has spent his long life in canting about liberty and labouring for the perpetuation of a horribly degrading bondage—who has calculated in dollars' worth the bodies and souls of three millions of human beings; and at last, just as the world is slipping beneath his feet, and the grave is yawning to receive him, and the accursed Babel he has helped to build is tottering to its fall, amid the applauses of nations, and the congratulations of all good men—in this crisis he comes forward, with his abominable 'statesmanship,' to devise a scheme to put off the evil day till long past the time when he shall no longer be above ground, and his own reputation shall have rotted to its proper dimensions. * * * * And here we have Horace Greeley hailing with lo Pæns this crafty scheme of a ruthless slaveholder for the maintenance of the shame and weakness of the United States in all its atrocious integrity for another thirty years at the very least. I have seen this plan of Clay's noticed in several of our newspapers, and always with a correct appreciation of the scheme and its author."

We do not know that it is essential to the future usefulness of Henry Clay that he should be rightfully estimated in Europe, although, ripe as he is in years and in the honours which follow eminent public services, it may be that the country, in the grand era now dawning, will yet have need of him in some capacity wherein the world's good opinion is essential. And here is a triumphant affirmation that the European press is assuring its readers that Mr. Clay's recent letter, asserting the justice and expediency of General Emancipation in Kentucky, and suggesting a plan for effecting that great end, was really impelled by consummate hypocrisy and craft—by an all absorbing desire to fortify and protract the existence of Slavery—that it is in fact nothing else but a scheme to "put off the day of Emancipation."

Here is presented a grave question of fact. *Is it true* that Mr. Clay's impulse was that indicated by Mr. Webb? Motives must ever be matters of inference, but in this case there are data which enable us to decide with moral certainty. Our public journals and public men most devoted to Slavery must certainly be able to judge whether Mr. Clay's letter tended to the result indicated by Mr. Webb—must be as well informed on this head as any one man who never saw this continent. And they are a class not destitute of sensibility to the interests of their cause. Elwood Fisher's lecture was printed and reprinted by them in extra's and pamphlet form—was spread all over the South, and votes of thanks from many a gathering of ultra slaveholders have been transmitted to the author.—Have any such tributes been awarded to Mr. Clay for his letter? Who can name one?

We state from positive knowledge, and are prepared to give abundant evidence of the fact—that throughout the slave States Mr. Clay's letter was received with gratitude by those who openly or secretly desire and hope for the extinction of Slavery, and by that class *alone*. The journals and individuals who desire and labour for the perpetuation of Slavery, on the other hand, have universally received that letter with disapproval and aversion—and have very generally denounced its author therefor as a traitor to the South and to Slavery. Those of the former class who have condemned it have done so on the assumption that it is too far in advance of public sentiment to be effective—that it would have had a better effect if it had not gone so far against Slavery. We have but recently conversed fully on this point with a New England Abolitionist returning from a leisurely tour through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee—neither of them esteemed ultra in its devotion to Slavery—who found comparatively few prepared to go as far toward Freedom as Mr. Clay has gone in that letter, and none ready to step beyond him. And we assert, as our deduction from a correspondence and acquaintance with the slave States certainly not inferior to Mr. Webb's, that while many in the South are now willing to admit themselves adverse to the perpetuation of Slavery who were obstinately silent on that point prior to Mr. Clay's letter, there is not a single point whereat the cause of Emancipation in the South has suffered damage or impediment by reason of that letter—Nay: we assert that there cannot be found in all the slave States, three intelligent and reputable persons who will unite in the opinion that Mr. Clay's letter has in fact postponed the termination of Slavery in the South, or that it was *intended* to have that effect.

How, then, have Mr. Webb and the European journals in whose concurrence he rejoices, been led into their grievous error? How but by the misrepresentations of those among us who make a trade of Anti Slavery, and whose thrift depends on their ability to convince their supporters that they alone are sincerely adverse to the continuance of our country's greatest curse? And is it not a question worth considering whether a vocation which can only thrive by calumny is really worth sustaining?

Such is the truly American philosophy of the *Tribune*. Social evils growing out of civil relations should be abolished immediately in Europe at any expense of bloodshed and confusion—or, at least, the attempt to abolish them be made, though it be by no means certain that the desperate experiment may not, after all is done, give a nett result of awful sacrifice endured, and not one good end gained. But the hundred-fold greater wrong at home, which can be done away with in a year, without the shedding of a single drop of human blood, and without a moment of the horrors and anarchy that must inevitably follow in the train of a civil war, may not be meddled with for half a century, and then only by the sacrifice in the meantime, of a generation of the oppressed class, lest the oppressors be subjected to some pecuniary embarrassment. We venture to doubt the professed love of Liberty which must cross the Atlantic to find a vent for its superabundant zeal in the questionable scheme of a few hot-headed young Irishmen to deluge their country in blood, but is full of admiration of a plan which only proposes to free Kentucky from the evils of Slavery by shifting them upon the shoulders of her Southern neighbours, without granting the boon of Liberty to a hundredth part of those who are the victims of this worst form of despotism, and that only after a long series of years.

Mr. Greeley's argument, however, is a very good one insofar as it proves that the estimate which the slaveholders may make of any movement against their "peculiar institution" is the best measure of its value. By a parity of reasoning, as they correctly, to a certain degree, regard the position assumed by Mr. Clay as hostile to their guilty peace, so they are right in looking with infinitely more dread upon the movement of the Abolitionists—and the Southern estimate of his *gradualism* and their *immediateism* is the best estimate of the value of each. The South knows whom she has most to fear. Mr. Clay's letter, it is true, has been received with "disapproval and aversion" by that class which desires the perpetuation of Slavery, but it and its author would have met with something very much stronger than aversion and disapproval if the advocates of perpetual Slavery were not entirely competent to measure exactly its influence. Eminent as he is by position, the South would have been too hot to hold him had he advanced any proposition for the abolition of Slavery, for the slave's sake as well as the masters, during the lifetime of the present generation. And so far as his plan has excited any hostility it is to be attributed, in the first place, to his station as a public man, and in the second, to the fact that he has broken the first law of slaveholding politics and morality, which requires that every one owing allegiance to the system must believe and swear it to be the blessedest institution that the Almighty has ever permitted to exist upon the earth. The South knows the value of an abstract principle, and even to think the death of the King is with her high treason. Had Mr. Clay been a common man, or had he lived on the other side of the Ohio, or had he not ventured to contradict a former assertion of his own that Slavery was absolutely right, his letter might have passed without remark. It met with the reception it did, not because the plan it proposed was one which was much to be dreaded, but because his name was attached to it; not because it would abolish Slavery, but because it admitted that Slavery ought to be abolished. With his mighty influence, the South—the pro-slavery South—would have been roused to a state of tremendous excitement and unappeasable anger, had his proposition been one to excite immediate fear, or had it had any worse feature than its abstract acknowledgment of the wrong of Slavery; but it produced no such result, with all the advantages of circumstances, simply because the South know how to estimate it. The indignation of the slaveholders against Mr. Clay would have been commensurate with their gratitude to ELLWOOD FISHER, had there been the same reason for the one as the other, only that that would have exceeded this by just so much as the influence of Clay is greater than that of Fisher.

Mr. Clay has done far more to extend and perpetuate Slavery in this country than any other one man in it, and in this, and almost in this solely, by-the-bye, consists his eminent public services; and it is no more than was to be expected that for this reason also, he should be denounced as a traitor to the South, and the system he has so effectually served, when at length he turns his face away from the host he has so long led, to the advancing army, which he despised, and at which he hurled defiance in the day of its weakness, but whose strength, wise and cunning man that he is, he does not fail now to count, and hopes, peradventure, that he may lead it, as its Captain, rather than be led by it as its captive. There are many of his admirers who do not for that hold him any the less worthy of their admiration, or less excellent as an example.

But what was his motive? Charity bids us always hope the best of every man, but it never enjoins upon us the necessity of becoming stultified in being charitable. It is absurd to pretend not to judge of motives, and he who disclaims the right of others to examine his own, does so because he knows well enough he ought to be ashamed of them. To trace actions to their spring is both proper and natural, and to do so is not wrong because dishonest men are continually, to shield their own wrong-doing, attributing bad motives to good actions, as Mr Greeley himself does in closing this article. Henry Clay, then, is an old man, and his life is before his countrymen. The object of his ambition has become a by-word, and doubtless will never be relinquished till he has sunk into the grave over which he is tottering. No man has calculated more exactly than he the precise time of the combing of the wave of popular favour, and none have been borne so high upon its tide. He has never, to-be-sure, been *beached* upon the spot he aimed at, but for this he many thank, and no doubt does, his ill fortune,—for accident, not merit, not popularity makes our Presidents. Such as he has always been he is now. None so ready or so powerful as he to extend Slavery, or to defend it, when its extension or its defence was demanded by the popular will. But the popular will now demands neither, and Mr. Clay obeys its behests. Sudden conversions in morals and in politics are as suspicious as in religion, and we should as soon put our faith in the piety of the veteran gambler, debauchee, and duellist, because when impotence and old age make these sins no longer possible or agreeable, he becomes a member of the Church, as to believe a wily politician who assumes a new position, to be prompted by any lofty motive, when that man's whole life is unmarked by a single act of disinterested public virtue, or ennobled by one striking instance of political honesty or honour. But in the case before us, we are not left to conjecture. We have in more than one Southern paper seen Mr. Clay's plan strongly objected to, not because it proposed to abolish Slavery in Kentucky, but because it must inevitably, if ever carried into effect, rid that State of Slavery, not by freeing her slaves, but by transporting them to other States. It is simply absurd to attribute any high motive to any man for a proposal to produce such results. As well land to the skies as the benefactor of his race he who shall advocate the erection of saw-mills, or the introduction of improved tan-pits, or any other merely economical measure in a State, as the man who advocates the removal of Slavery—not its Abolition—because its existence is found to be really prejudicial to the political and social welfare of those for whose benefit it has thus far been maintained.

It is then by no means necessary that our Dublin correspondent, or any of the European journals, who have, as Mr. Greeley is pleased to call it, 'traduced' Mr. Clay, should have received their impression of his letter from the Abolitionists of this country; for that is open to whoever chooses to read it, and the wonder would be that any unprejudiced mind could come to any other conclusion than that which is so much deprecated in the *Tribune*. We can answer for Mr. Webb that he is in the habit of doing his own thinking, and we hold that with his intimate knowledge of the workings of Slavery, and the history of the Anti-Slavery cause, in this country, he is peculiarly qualified to come to a righteous judgment in a case of this kind. Posterity, we are confident, will justify the verdict which our contemporaries on the other side of the water bring against us, on this, as well as on a good many other acts of our great men and people, on which we pride ourselves. We may comfort ourselves with the belief that it is, as Mr. Toots says—and as Mr. Greeley affirms—"of no consequence" what they think of us, but they are none the less too often in the right. At a military festival in the celebrated village of Bungtown, an aspirant for military honours gave as a toast: "The Independent Washington Bungtown Fusiliers—the terror of the hull world!" But the world *will* put its own estimate on the prowess of the Bungtown militia when they hear of it.

It would be quite idle in us to attempt to refute, before our readers, the charge made against the Abolitionists as a body, of trading in Anti-Slavery, especially as we are confident that the reply would never be permitted to come before the audience to whom the accusation was made. We do not choose, moreover, to be put upon the defensive on such a question, though we might hope for an acquittal, by pleading that if such is our trade, at least we deal in the real article, rough as it is, and never palm off upon the world a sham, cheating our customers into its acceptance by smooth words and lying pretences. But nobody knows better than Mr. Greeley, for he is a man of acute observation, what sort of reward has been meeted out to those who have devoted themselves to the cause of the slave; and no man knows better than he, for his has been a varied experience, also how profitable it is to profess to just so much of Anti-Slavery as will meet the popular demand, but notso much as to forfeit the popular regard, and the rewards which are bestowed upon those who will bend their convictions, if they do not naturally turn, to the service of party.

I.

Whether the idle prisoner through his grate
Watches the waving of the grass-tuft small,
Which having colonized its rift i' the wall,
Takes it free risk of good or evil fate,
And from the sky's just helmet draws its lot
Daily of shower or sunshine, cold or hot;—
Whether the closer captive of a creed,
Cooped up from birth to grind out endless chaff,
Sees through his treadmill-bars the noonday laugh,
And feels in vain his crumpled pinions breed:—
Whether the Georgian slave look up and mark,
With bellying sails puffed full, the tall cloud-barque
Sink northward slowly; thou alone seem'st good,
Fair only thou, Oh Freedom, whose desire
Can light in muddiest souls quick seeds of fire,
And strain life's chords to the old heroic mood.

II.

Yet are there other gifts more fair than thine,
Nor can I count him happiest, who has never
Been forced with his own hand his chains to sever,
And for himself find out the way divine;
He never knew the aspirer's glorious pains,
He never earned the struggle's priceless gains;
Oh, block by block, with sore and sharp endeavour,
Lifelong we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for Freedom's shrine,
And Trial ever consecrates the cup
Whereon we pour her sacrificial wine.—J. R. L.

Mob on Long Island.

A letter from Mrs. Foster, a few days since, brought us the stirring intelligence of an *emeute* at Hempstead, Long Island, and we are almost disposed to express our entire satisfaction at this evidence that our neighbours have got up to the mobocratic point of progress, which, with the exception of here and there a dark corner, the Northern Atlantic States passed some six or eight years ago. We had hardly dared to hope that even the Fosters would be enabled to arouse the people of Long Island, in some localities, to an understanding of what particular thing it was of which they were labouring to convince the people, but it is evident that the intelligent citizens of Hempstead have come to some dim perception of the matter. Mr. Foster himself gives in the (Jamaica) *Long Island Farmer* an account of how he and Mrs. Foster were received. It is, as our friend Foster always is when he has a respectable storm about him, exceedingly calm and dignified.

A Mob in Hempstead.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONG ISLAND FARMER,—

SIR:—Personally I am a stranger to you, but learning from a friend that you are an advocate of the freedom of speech, an uncompromising opponent of rowdyism and mobocracy, I take the liberty to send you for publication the following notice of a dastardly attack upon an Anti-Slavery meeting last evening, in the neighbouring village of Hempstead. The facts are simply these:

Arrangements having been made by some of our friends with Mr. Hewlett, the keeper of a public house in that place, for the use of his hall, notice was given that a series of meetings would be held by Mrs. Foster and myself for the purpose of a free inquiry into the nature and character of our slave system, and the proper and necessary steps to be taken for its abolition. In accordance with this notice our first meeting was held on Tuesday evening last. At the opening of the meeting a general invitation was given to all present, whatever might be their views, to participate in the discussion of the various topics which should be presented for their consideration. Our object was stated to be the dissemination of truth and correct views on one of the greatest and most momentous questions of the age—a question which has already rent asunder two of the largest religious bodies of the land, and now threatens the very foundation of the Government itself, and we felt assured that an intelligent, high-minded and patriotic community could not fail to give us a candid and respectful hearing.

On the first and second evenings nothing occurred to disappoint our expectations in this regard. Our audiences, though not large, were quiet and respectful, and listened to our remarks with marked attention.

Opportunity was several times given for others to speak, and if there were any present who differed from us in the views we had advanced, they were warmly urged to take the platform, and defend their own opinions, and point out the error and impolicy of ours. But no one chose to avail himself of this liberality, and the second evening passed off with no manifestations of disapprobation from any quarter. Indeed, the profound stillness which reigned throughout every part of the Hall, and the deep and solemn thoughtfulness which sat upon every countenance, young and old, through the whole evening, while we disclosed the horrors of the slave system, and the infamy of the church that sanctions, and the Government that legalizes it, encouraged the hope that Hempstead would not long remain, as it has hitherto done, an idle spectator of the great moral conflict for freedom which is now waging in this country, and which is destined, apparently, soon to decide the fate of the nation. Last evening, however, gave painful evidence that we had over estimated the character of the people we were addressing. We had mistaken the earnestness of momentary surprise, for generous impulses and a humane nature. At an early hour there were indications of hostile feelings and intentions both in and around the Hall, such as cracking nuts, running up and down the stairs, yelling, hooting, drumming on tin pans, &c., the usual characteristics of opposition in an ignorant and uncultivated community. It was apparent that our advocacy of the cause of freedom had greatly disturbed the quiet of the town, and that the aggrieved party, instead of accepting our invitation to discuss our points of difference, had chosen to manifest their disapprobation of our sentiments by an exhibition of rowdyism and mobocracy. Mrs. Foster proceeded amidst much confusion, for some time, to address the meeting, till at length a young man entered the Hall in a mask, when the disturbance became so great that she was obliged to retire from the platform.

An appeal was made to the quiet portion of the assembly to arrest the disturbance, and save their town from the disgrace of a mob; but it was made in vain. Not a single voice was publicly heard in remonstrance of the disgraceful proceedings. There were those present who evidently disapproved of the conduct of their townsmen; but they were either too timid, or too regardful of their popularity with the mob, to make their influence felt. In this state of things, finding no one disposed to take any steps to restore order, and that the mob was constantly increasing in numbers, we deemed it inexpedient to attempt to proceed with the meeting, and accordingly left the Hall, and, shortly after, the hotel where we had taken lodgings, feeling ourselves unsafe for the night in a place where neither the sanctity of religion, nor the terrors of the law, nor yet even the plighted honour of a landlord, had been able to protect us from the obscene language and personal assaults of the young gentlemen of the town.

Such is a brief statement of the principal facts connected with this disgraceful outrage. Comment I leave for others. We are strangers on your island and are unacquainted with the manners and character of your people, and therefore have no means of knowing what kind of treatment to expect at their hands. Our reception at Oyster Bay and Jerusalem, the only places we have visited besides Hempstead, was such as to inspire confidence and insure respect. Is Hempstead an exception to the general character of the island? I trust it is; and as the object of our visit is, to say the least, a lawful one, we look with confidence to the Press, and to the friends of order generally, for protection in the pursuit of it. S. S. FOSTER.

Rocky Hill, June 15, 1849.

There is a dingy little sheet mis-called the *Inquirer*, published at Hempstead, which would indicate by its appearance that the prejudice against colour in that community is not insurmountable, which thus comments upon the visit of our friends:

ANTI-SLAVERY.—The world renowned Abby Folsom, formerly Abby Kelly, together with her companion, have been holding a series of meetings in this village during the past week, and lecturing upon the above subject, with the hopes of producing some excitement in relation thereto in the minds of the public. The meetings were but poorly attended, and from what we were able to judge, but little interest was felt, in the remarks made by these lecturers for the amelioration of the slave. We believe however that a deep interest is felt, in the welfare of the slave, and that the evil of Slavery is look'd upon, as one of the great curses with which our nation is inflicted, and one for which every honourable means should be used, in order that it may be speedily removed from our land and nation. We believe however that a better plan can be pursued than that of assailing the slaveholder, with the most bitter invectives that can be brought forth. The abusive language that is often used against them, will not only serve to dampen the ardour of those that are already engaged in the cause from pure philanthrophic motives, but tend to produce an excitement and disturbance that will in every instance be productive of evil.

The lectures on Tuesday and Wednesday evening were listened to with interest and attention, and quiet and order was observed; but on Thursday evening, the appearance of things was such as to indicate a disturbance. The appearance of the venerable coloured gentleman Mr. Miller Wood, upon the platform seemed to detract much of the attention of the audience from the lecture; and from the merriment it produced, occasional hisses and groans were heard until the noise and tumult was such, that it was impossible to proceed with the lecture. The speaker took her seat, and the audience dispersed, amid uproar and confusion.

The reader will not fail to observe what, according to this *Inquirer—lucus a non lucendo*—was the immediate cause of the riot. It was the appearance of the venerable coloured man upon the Platform. This was more than the Hempstead people could possibly stand. Astonishment evidently was the first feeling. They could not understand so anomalous a proceeding. Had Miller Wood been a giraffe, they would have supposed our friends, the Fosters, the keepers of some sort of a menagerie, and their lectures as descriptions of the character and habits of the other animals afterward to be exhibited; but as Wood was not a giraffe, but only an old "nigger" whom they were in the habit of seeing daily, the matter was altogether above their comprehension. It amused them above all things. Miller Wood! old Wood the "nigger!" They could do nothing but cachinate:—Peal on peal, and peal on peal of laughter which set all order at defiance. It was *so* rich! A black man sitting in a chair right before all the people as if he was somebody! Was the like ever before seen, or heard of, in Hempstead! We once rode a half dozen miles, in his waggon, with a man, somewhere in that neighbourhood, who made very particular inquiries as to our vocation. We were, we told him, the editor of an Anti-Slavery paper. He did not understand us. To make the thing plainer, we began by reminding him that there were 3,000,000 of Slaves in the United States—he knew that? No; he never heard of it before; he had heard, when he was young, "that the niggers was set free, and hed no ide' that any on 'em was left slaves." No doubt that man was at the Hempstead meeting, with all his neighbours, and they could'nt get over that Mil. Wood being on the platform among white folks. But their delight turned to anger when it at length dawned upon them, that the lecturers absolutely considered Miller Wood as man, and were trying to convince them, not only of that fact, but that the 3,000,000 of his colour who are held as Slaves, are also entitled to be considered as men, and to possess the rights of men. And so they pelted with bad eggs the propounders of such monstrous doctrines; the perpetrators of so scandalous an insult as throwing Miller Wood right in the face and eyes of the people of Hempstead as being as good as a white man.

The *Long Island Farmer*, however, takes quite a different view of the matter, and bids us hope that all Hempstead is not wanting in common sense and common decency. It says:

Freedom of speech, freedom of action, and freedom of the press, we have always considered the foundation of our beautiful system of government. But how often do we see those privileges trampled upon by a ruthless band of low, mean, cowardly vagabonds. These remarks were called forth by a feeling of indignation on hearing that the village of Hempstead had been visited by that dread disease *Misrule*. An attack was made upon a helpless female, a woman of talent, education, and sincerity of purpose, which resulted in her being driven from the house under whose roof she expected shelter and protection; and for no other cause than her pleading for the down-trodden slave. We take no side with either party on the vexed question of slavery; but we do not hesitate to declare ourselves on the side of law and order, which we insist should be maintained at all hazards—otherwise our places of religious worship would be assailed, its ministers hurled from the sacred desk, and only for not suiting the tastes of some few vile miscreants, who, regardless of all law, moral or divine, set themselves up as governors of the land.

We would inform the editor of the Inquirer that he is mistaken in representing this lady to be "the world-renowned Abby Folsom, formerly Abby Kelly; she is a totally different person; her name is Foster. We are too well acquainted with the people of Hempstead to believe many of them participated in so disgraceful an affair, as none but dastardly cowards would thus attack a female.

We shall look with great interest for the accounts of the further progress of our friends in that section of country.

Slavery in Washington.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Washington, gives some interesting, though, by no means, uncommon incidents in relation to the condition of one portion of the people of this illustrious republic in the Capital of the country. Will some of our kind Southern contemporaries who are so anxious for our enlightenment, have the goodness to scrape together as many facts of outrageous tyranny in any Capital in Europe?

Let me jot down here and there a fact, as it turns up in the run of a few days. Not long since, at Baltimore, my business led me to the wharf just as the Philadelphia boat was about to start. There were present from twelve to twenty intelligent, well behaved, finely dressed coloured people, chiefly belonging to Philadelphia, as I learned. They were on to attend a genteel wedding, and were now about to take the steamboat on their return as a bridal party, with the new married pair.—Could they go to the "captain's office" like other decent people, and buy their tickets? Before one of them could step upon the boat, they must go to an old warehouse, and there have some *white man* known to the person in attendance, to vouch for the freedom of each one of them by name. The record is made up, they then are allowed to go on board and *pay as much money* as anybody. It seems to me this is a strange flourish of republican sensibility. I recollect a few years ago in Canada, how strongly disposed I felt to fight, rather than endure the impertinent inquiries of a Custom House officer about my residence, name, age, occupation, destination, and the like. Wouldn't it sorely puzzle the old witches to make a satisfactory choice between the despotism of Kingcraft and the despotism of "Democracy?" For one, if my rights must be trampled down, let it be under the heel of some Grand Monarch, far rather than through the petty vexation imposed by the spawn of vulgar insolence and tyranny. But this outrage upon decency and public law is practised of course for the security and special benefit of Slavery.—It is intended to guard one of its exposed outposts.

A week ago last Monday morning I took the cars at Baltimore for Washington. While standing on the platform where passengers step into the cars, Rev. John F. Cook, of this city, came up and entered into conversation with me. He had been to Baltimore to preach the day before. While talking we advanced a few steps, which brought us opposite the Jim Crow car, in which were seated a clerk or runner from Donovan's slave-pen, with five slaves, a young man and woman, the exact picture of despondency and desolation, and three children, who seemed satisfied with the novelty of the scene about them. These slaves were on their way to Alexandria, to be sent thence overland, by Bruin & Hill, to the far Southern market. While chatting with me, Mr. Cook was obliged to jump on board this car, with the slaves and the wretch having them in charge, as it was off.—Upon taking my seat in a car, which usually carries the well-dressed and orderly sort of travelers, I observed a coloured girl, with a pale, puling little white child in her arms, crowded into a seat with a young white man, apparently the father of the child. The child made itself conspicuous by noise and fretfulness, for a time, but was at last soothed by its coloured nurse. Of course the passengers were crowded close around the coloured girl, and no one took offence. Certainly, I make no complaint now.

Who is John F. Cook? Why was not he in the same car with me? We are personal friends. John F. Cook is a well-educated man, and a thorough gentleman in all his deportment. He is the minister of a highly respectable Presbyterian congregation in this city, and at the head of a school as well trained and flourishing as any other in Washington. His unblemished life and integrity of character, command for him universal respect and confidence. It would probably be very difficult to select a man in this community more devoted and in every way more useful. He happens to range somewhere about half way between the pure Anglo Saxon and the *doomed race!*—That excludes him from the *respectable car*, while Slavery thrusts the poor, simple, dull coloured girl into it. More properly and truly speaking, Slavery is the tyrant who presides over this whole business. It banishes Mr. Cook, with his intelligence and refinement, to the Jim Crow car, to brood over the gross insult to his manhood, and the outrage to his people in the person of the helpless slaves, while it puts into the richest seat the simple, coarse, black nurse, to the mortification and annoyance of those who are compelled to witness the transaction. I should like to have the Boston editor or anybody else show, if it can be done, in what respect the theory of witchcraft adopted and acted upon by Cotton Mather and the dupes of his times is one whit more absurd, extravagant, foolish or wicked, than the theory of human nature and relations extensively received and applied among us at the present time. As to its fatal effects, that old witchcraft delusion was confined and comparatively inconsiderable. It was the blindness and effervesc

to wage war and eternal warfare against the abominable institution. I hate it worse and worse the more I think of it."

In a town meeting on Saturday, at which the said Barrett attended, and spoke in his own behalf, it was unanimously agreed by the citizens present that legal proceedings should be taken against him. An affidavit was made of the facts before G. W. H. Legg, Esq., upon which a warrant was issued for his arrest, and being brought before him for examination, was committed for trial.

We take great pleasure in stating that the prisoner was treated with the utmost civility, and nothing like a disposition to mob, as seemed to be apprehended by the prisoner, made its appearance. He seems to be a man of great astuteness, and just such an one as might be expected would be employed by the Northern Hive of Abolitionists.

There can be no doubt remaining but that this said John Barrett is an emissary sent amongst us to further the hellish purposes of the Abolitionists, but whether sufficient proof can be adduced to bring to bear the penalty of the law, is to be seen hereafter.

The account that Barrett gave of himself is simply that he is an agent of Messrs. E. Harwood & Co., New York, to collect statistics and information for a Gazetteer, shortly to be published, and that he cannot be responsible for any letters or documents sent to him by mail. Taking the whole circumstances together, as gleaned from the papers found in his possession, this community stands justified in his arrest and commitment. Intending only that justice shall be done at the same time, that they desire to show their adherence to the South, and their love for her peace and safety, by acts as well as words.

We think we may venture to say without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of using very bitter invective towards our Southern brethren, that this is a rather high-handed proceeding. Mr. Barrett's first crime, probably, was that he was a Northerner; the second, the heinous one of receiving letters for other people, which he consented to take without first breaking the seal and ascertaining whether they contained anything treasonable; but evidently his greatest crime was, that he should have a letter from the North, expressing a hope that he would not become treacherous to the principles which he professed at home. We again dare so far as to say that this strikes us as infringing somewhat upon the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the individual citizen.

The latest intelligence from Mr. Barrett is given by the (Ruthfordton, N. C.) *Mountain Banner*, of the 20th which says, that since the above article was published in the *Spartan*, a letter has been received at the Spartanburg P. O., directed to John M. Barrett, which proves conclusively that he (Barrett) is an emissary of the Abolitionists, travelling for the purpose of distributing incendiary documents, learning who at the South are the allies of the North, &c., &c. The letter was written in cyphers, but the key to most of it was discovered. We hope, adds the *Banner*, his punishment will be such as to deter others from engaging in the like dirty business.

Northern men having business at the South, should study, before setting out, the subject of constitutional guaranties, and put their papers and their opinions in due order for examination.

It is hardly necessary, we presume, to say that this man was, without doubt, attending to his own proper and lawful business, and that the absurd suspicions of the slaveholders have prompted them to another of those despotic acts which make travelling in the South as dangerous as ever it was in the worst days of tyranny in Russia.

LETTER OF THE PHILADELPHIA FAIR COMMITTEE.—The *Freeman* of last week contains the following official explanation of the purpose of the Letter of the Fair Committee which justifies our own unofficial statement in the last *Standard*:

FOREIGN AID FOR THE FAIR.—We cheerfully respond to the frank and fraternal inquiries of the Liberator, respecting the appeal of Pennsylvania Abolitionists, to our English friends, on behalf of our Fair. We can assure our friends in Boston and elsewhere, that the authors of the letter alluded to, and the members of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society who suggested that the appeal should be made, had no wish to obtain aid for our Fair, at the expense of the National Bazaar, and that they never, for a moment, apprehended such a result from their appeal. In a circular upon this subject, sent to England a year or two since, this feeling was distinctly expressed. Our belief (and we speak on behalf of those concerned in this matter) was and is, that by proper effort, a valuable amount of assistance for our Fair might be obtained in England, *besides* that now given to the National Fair at Boston; that a number of persons might be aroused to action, who have heretofore done nothing for either. In one important instance, at least, the result of our application has proved this to be true. We should be very unwilling to interfere with the National Society in any of its departments of labour, and we think that our friends at the East will soon see that we have not done it, in this case. We are well aware that the Fair in Boston, because it is the National Fair, has stronger claims upon British sympathy and aid, than the Pennsylvania Fair can have, and in the prosperity of the former, we rejoice as heartily as in that of the latter; and our deep interest in the American Society, and desire to aid it, is an additional inducement to us to make the most strenuous exertions in behalf of the Pennsylvania Fair.

JONE'S SENTENCE COMMUTED.—We mentioned last week the departure of a deputation to wait upon the Governor, and ask a commutation of the sentence of Alexander Jones, recently convicted of arson, and sentenced to be hung on Friday last. We rejoice exceedingly to learn that the efforts of the Committee were successful, and that the Governor has commuted the punishment to imprisonment for life. Jones is unquestionably guilty of the crime for which he was sentenced to be strangled by the hangman, but he asserts that he was hired to do the work by two white men and that he attempted it when in a state of drunken stupidity. Governor Fish, most wisely and humanely, as we think, deemed this case a proper one for the exercise of executive clemency. It is difficult to conceive of any good that could result from the strangulation of such a man,—unless indeed one has faith in the necessity of this sort of civil vengeance as a religious ordinance. In that case it might be serving God to send to Him in this summary manner, one who was better prepared than ever to do his duty on earth, for,—according to the published accounts, Jones had become, since his conviction, fit for Heaven; but we do not see how men could be served by it.

Matthew Wood, who was sentenced to be hung at the same time on the same gallows with Jones, for the murder of his wife, is reprieved to the 10th of July. In the meantime some important evidence, it is said will be produced showing that he is not guilty of the crime of which he is accused.

Great praise is due to the gentlemen who have endeavoured to avert the awful fate that waited these poor creatures, and that may yet overtake one of them. The exertions especially of Mr. Jay in their behalf, we understand have been untiring.

☞ The only disorganizers now in our country, are the disciples of John C. Calhoun, and the Abolitionists. The former, confined mostly to the South, openly threaten disunion and to take up arms against the United States government, in case such and such laws pass Congress; the latter, mostly in the North, denounce the Union of the States governed by a Constitution which does not permit them to infringe upon the rights of the States. The ones aim at objects quite as impracticable and treasonable as the others. Each are organized parties who boast of nothing so much as that they hold the balance of power between the two great parties of the day, and often succeed in defeating the true will of the people. Neither of them, having the ascendency, could accomplish any good to the country by putting their schemes into practice.

The Democratic party which alone has formed the Union of the States and kept them united, occupies a position between these two impracticable extremes. When in power as it almost always is, it legislates for the good of the whole country, for the interests and welfare of the whole people at large, regarding the just rights of all. The Whig party, also, occupies a position mainly between these two extremes, occasionally absorbing a portion of both to get power, and is distinguished in nothing so much as in its *steady opposition to Democratic measures and government*. The most concise definition of the "Whig party" is *opposition to the Democratic party*. A Whig measure is anything that is *not* a Democratic measure. The two extremes, the Calhoun and Abolition parties may be defined as, hostility to the Union of the States when they cannot compel Congress either to extend Slavery on the one hand, or on the other to abolish it where it is already established in the States and not under the control of Congress.

As the relation of the Free Soil party to the Anti-Slavery movement is just now exciting some remark, we copy the above from the *Bangor Jeffersonian*, a Free Soil paper published at Bangor, Me. It is a straw on the popular current. Its definition, however, of the Whig party is a good one, and if it had gone a little farther, and described the Democratic party to be only in opposition to the Whig party, and a Democratic measure to be anything that is not a Whig measure, its definition of parties would have been complete.

FATHER MATHEW is expected to arrive daily at this port, and great preparations are making by the Temperance people to receive him everywhere. Here he is to be the guest of the city much to the chagrin of several of our respectable contemporaries who are shocked at such an unconstitutional use of the people's money. When General Taylor comes nobody will venture to hint at extravagance. But then General Taylor has killed, or caused to be killed, a great many thousand people, and that is glory, belonging only to great men. Father Mathew has only saved a great many more thousands from wretched lives and shocking deaths, which was well enough in its way, and an excellent thing for the poor, but public authorities should be careful how they descend in the use of public honours. We also wish that these brandy-drinking city corporations would let the good man alone, and leave him in the hands of the people by whom he is really beloved and respected for his labours in behalf of temperance; not however that he is worthy not of all the honour that such bodies can render him, for all the "eminent public services" of those who are esteemed our great men weighed together are as dust in the balance, compared to the good which Father Mathew has done for his fellow-men.

CHOLERA.—The reports for the past week are as follows:

	Cases.	Deaths.
Wednesday	30	14
Thursday	26	15
Friday	38	16
Saturday	40	21
Sunday	38	21
Monday	47	25
Tuesday	73	38

THE FIGHT BETWEEN CLAY AND TURNER.—The *Maysville* (Ky.) *Eagle* of the 19th gives the following version of the bloody and fatal rencontre between Cassius M. Clay and Cyrus Turner:

A terrible and fatal recontre occurred at Foxtown, Madison County, Ky. on Friday evening last, between Captain Cassius M. Clay and Cyrus Turner, a member of the Legislature last winter from that County.

The particulars, as we learn them by passengers in the stage, are these: Mr. Clay, while making an Emancipation speech, was called "a d——d liar" by some one in the crowd. He rushed from the stand in the direction of the voice, and was met by Turner, who snapped his pistol three times at Clay. Clay's pistol also snapped twice, when he threw it down, drew his bowie knife and at the first blow ripped open Turner's abdomen. As Turner was falling Clay raised his knife to strike again, when his arm was caught and held, and a dirk knife plunged in his breast by some one in the crowd. Turner sent word to Clay afterward that he would tell him who stabbed him, in case both recovered—otherwise he would not tell him.

Other accounts say that it was Turner, not a third person, who stabbed Clay.

The following private telegraphic dispatch is the latest intelligence from the scene of conflict:

LEXINGTON, June 18—12 M.

Mr. Turner died on Sunday morning at 2 o'clock. It is said that Clay will certainly recover.

MISS EMMA FORBES WESTON was among the passengers in the steamer Europa which sailed from Boston on Wednesday of last week. She goes to join her sisters Mrs. Chapman and Miss Caroline Weston at Paris.

☞ We give in this week's paper some seven columns of very curious specimens of the spirit of the newspaper press of the Southern States, which the reader, we think, will not permit to escape his attention.

Notices of New Works.

Labour and other Capital; The Rights of each secured and the Wrongs of both eradicated; or, an Exposition of the Cause why Few are wealthy and Many poor, and the Delineation of a System, which, without infringing the Rights of Property, will give to Labour its just Reward. BY EDWARD KELLOGG, *Author of "Currency, the Evil and the Remedy." New York. Published by the author and for sale at No. 47 Stone Street,*—1849. *pp.* 298.

We hear some of our readers say: There is the exposition of a Utopian project indeed! This book, of less than 300 pages, professes to solve the great question of our social relations and announces a remedy for that which is asserted by all reformers to be the great and crying evil of our day! One more theory is here added to those thousands which have been proclaimed to the civilized world since the commencement of this century, the realization of each of which was to secure wealth and happiness to all men; the only difficulty being that all men must be made virtuous before any one of them could be realized. But who is Edward Kellogg, and by what authority does he advance his dictum?

We know nothing more on this last point than the title page tells us, but we do know that the book to which that presuming title page is prefixed shows its author to be one peculiarly fitted to grapple with and solve questions of finance and political economy. Far from being solely the exposition of a Utopian theory conceived in its author's brain, or recommending immense and perhaps impracticable changes in the nature of man and the constitution of society, its arguments are based upon facts and figures, and it merely recommends the passage of a simple act of the Legislature of the United States to effect the end proposed.

It has been wittily said, "nothing is so false as figures, except facts;" but we believe that all who verify Mr. Kellogg's calculations and are satisfied of the truth of his statistics will assent to the opposing axiom that "figures cannot lie," while any simpler and more efficient remedy than that he proposes for the cure of the evils under consideration will be gladly accepted by those who are persuaded of the necessity for some such remedy.

We have found this book absorbing in its interest. The clearness with which the author's views are stated, the precision of his language, and the logical strictness of his conclusions, leave nothing to be desired in point of style. The manner is excellent; each reader must decide for himself if the matter corresponds.

In his first part, Mr. Kellogg maintains, and thinks that he fully sustains, the following propositions:

1. That there is an essential difference between intrinsic value and the value of money.

2. That any material may be made money, by endowing it with the following legal powers: power to represent, to measure, to accumulate, and to exchange value.

3. That money which does not represent its full amount of actual value, carries upon its face a false pretence; nothing can in fact be money which does not represent property.

4. That money, as a measure of value, is controlled by the rate per cent interest that it bears.

5. That the necessary effects of the present rates of interest are, to accumulate property into large cities and in the hands of a few capitalists.

6. That the present rates of interest greatly exceed the increase of wealth by natural production, and consequently call for production beyond the ability of producers to supply.

7. That the rate per cent interest determines what proportion of products shall be awarded to capital, and what to labour.

8. That in proportion as the rate per cent on money is increased, the value of property and labour is decreased.

9. That a currency constantly fluctuating in value, by varying rates of interest, is no more suitable as a medium of exchange than an elastic yard stick is fit for a measure of cloth; that justice requires uniformity of value, and that our present currency is devoid of this quality.

10. That our present banking system rests upon a fictitious basis, is unsafe, and is productive of many and great injuries; that while it calls upon producers for a large sum of money to pay for the use of its bank notes, at the legal rates of interest, it assists capitalists, brokers, &c. in monopolizing money, and enables them to extort large sums from merchants, mechanics and others, beyond the legal rate.

11. That the currency, to be of uniform value, must be limited only by the wants of business.

12. That credit is indispensable.

13. That a paper currency can be made as secure, and made to perform all the functions of money as well as a specie currency.

In his second part Mr. Kellogg explains: "The institution of paper money, and its capability to remedy the evils of our present currency," and concludes—"But more than all, let farmers, mechanics, and all men who earn their living by labour, *determine* that Congress shall legislate so as to do them justice."

There is also an Appendix: "The French Revolution of 1848," viewed with reference to the subject of the book.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE. *Leonard Scott & Co.*

The historical and political papers in this No. of Blackwood are comprised in one upon Austria and Hungary, another upon Feudalism in the Nineteenth Century, and a third upon Civil Revolution in the Canadas, thus leaving a large proportion of its pages for others of a more amusing character. These are an admirable No. of the Caxtons, Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian, which though aimed especially at the Tractarians, is none the less a hit at a good many other people, and No. 1 of *Dies Boreales* which promise fairly to be, what they are evidently intended for, a revival of the *Noctes Ambrosiæ*. Though containing only these half dozen articles, the number is one of unusual interest and value.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE, *by Charles W. Holden, 109 Nassau Street.*

We do not know how many other Dollar Magazines there may be in the country, but Holden's we are quite confident is the best among them. One can hardly expect the best engravings, or the best paper, in a monthly periodical for a dollar, but they are certainly as good here as can be afforded at the price, while the more important part of the work, the contents are certainly equal, if not superior to many of the more pretending, and showy monthlies. The Topics of the Month certainly surpasses any editorial *resume*, in every other American Magazine.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. XLI.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Dr. Johnson and the Weather.—Meteorologic Aids to Conversation.—Heat.—The East Winds desiderated.—General stupefaction.—Cholera fears.—Their purifying issues.—Cleanliness of Boston.—Baths and Wash-houses.—Fruit and Vegetables at a discount.—The Correspondent promulgateth his creed.—His Faith and Spirit of Martyrdom.—He goeth to Plymouth.—Describeth it, the View from the Hill and "Gray Plymouth Rock."—He expostulateth with the Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims touching "The Cow-yard."—He setteth forth their mercies and their escape and exhorteth to Repentance.—He disclaimeth Radicalism and vindicateth his Conservation.—Other traditions.—Colonel Winslow's swim.—The Biter's bit.—The midnight gallop to Boston.—The Correspondent mourneth over Modern Degeneracy and the Temperance Societies.—The Pilgrim Hall and its contents.—Cromwellian Commission.—Rascally theft.—The Correspondent's mission to Plymouth.—He preacheth the Word thrice.—Describeth the change in eleven years.—The Ministers, the Devil and the Cause.—Mystery of Weakness made strength.—&c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, June 24th, 1849.

Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson once told him that the English people tried once upon a time *not* to talk about the weather; but that it was no use, they couldn't help themselves and so they went back to it. And the lexicographer gravely justifies the topic as one at once natural and convenient, especially for the initiation of discourse. I think that had the English Nation, even at the height of its abstinence from Meteorologic Conversation, had such a succession of hot days as we have had here last week, no ties could have bound them from talking about it. It has been the only thing talked about, indeed. How could people talk of anything else when the thermometer stood at times at 98 and 99 in the shade? The pavement broiled your feet, the iron-railing blistered your hands, and for two or three nights even darkness brought no coolness with it. They who for long weeks had been blaspheming the East wind, now humbled themselves and wished that they might be filled therewith.—Even a Revolution might have rolled away unnoticed. The report that Cassius Clay was stabbed through the heart, and the amended information the next day, that he was *not dead*, scarcely excited a sensation or a surprise. Polk gave up the ghost and no man lamented. Public and private calamity touched us not. The times that really *try* men's *souls* are those that *fry* their *bodies*. It was a time not when "the stoutest held his breath," but when he had to pant to get it, and hadn't strength to hold it when he had got it.

The fear of the cholera alone, in some degree, modified the general apathy. To be sure, people were more scared than hurt, but the fright was blessed unto them. I suppose there never was a cleaner city than Boston now is. Domiciliary visits from the authorities have searched out and abated nuisances in every corner. The inequalities of surface, to which Boston owes the other half of the description that was once given of it—"the Paradise of ministers and the Hell of horses,"—are favourable to the most thorough draining, and, together with its peninsular position, to the most perfect ventilation. I suppose there is no better drained city in the world than Boston, the system of drainage having been coeval with the building of the town, and being compulsory upon every householder. In consequence of this attention to public Hygiene, public health is greatly promoted, and, I believe, the average of deaths in Boston is less than in almost any city of its size in the world. The introduction of the Cochituate water must materially add to the expectation of life and health. I am happy to hear that a movement is on foot for furnishing public baths and wash houses for the poor, where that unfortunate class can learn and enjoy the blessings of cleanliness, at a very trifling rate. The only class to whom the fear of cholera has worked evil has been the market-gardeners and raisers of early fruit. Absurd fears of the best preventives of the disease are in many cases too strong for common sense or the best medical opinion. Being a Grahamite, "but not an Ultra one," approving of the principles, though not altogether of the measures, of that movement, I believe firmly in the sanitary virtues of green peas and strawberries. I believe, to use the strong language of a worthy vender of the last named necessaries, that "they are *dreadful healthy!*" In which faith I intend to live, and, if need be, die.

Last Sunday I had the satisfaction of spending on the cool shores of the Pilgrim Fathers. Plymouth, though not, probably, a very inviting spot on the 22d of December, 1620, is a very attractive one now, at any season of the year, and especially in summer. I love a rambling old-fashioned town that looks as if it had grown up with the country, and had been built as people wanted houses, and where they wanted them, instead of being laid out with line and compass, like the rectangular abominations of newer times. Then, the unequal surface of the town honourably distinguishes it from the pan-cake sites in which these levelling days delight. It has the air, which the seed town of a Republic should have, of abundance and comfort, not without marks of wealth, but free from obtrusive signs of poverty. The sea-view from the hill where the Fathers lie is singularly fine. The Beach breaking the middle distance, the Gurnet and Clarke's Island, where the Pilgrims spent their first Sunday, beyond, with the Ocean stretching away from the eye, and on the left the shore of Duxbury, marked by the picturesque promontory of Captain's Hill, where the stalwart Standish dwelt, altogether make up a delicious prospect upon a summer's afternoon. Below you, though now hidden by streets and wharfs, lies the Rock on which the Pilgrims landed, long since left behind by the retiring of the sea, or by the encroachments of men. And beyond by Clarke's Island and the Gurnet the road where the Mayflower lay at anchor when the immortal boat's company pushed off to take possession of their heritage.

But Oh, sons and daughters of the Pilgrims! could ye find no better name for the spot

"Where the Mayflower moored below,"

than "*the Cow-yard!*" Was the resemblance of a sparkling sea, locked in with green islands and brown rock, to the stercorarious habitation of milch kine so inevitable that ye were compelled to make them synonymous? Of a surety ye abuse the Providence that gave so poetical a name to the Argosy that came freighted with your destiny. The Mayflower! It was just as likely to have been the "Two Pollies," or the "Lovely Keziah." Consider your escape! Think how it would have sounded!

"The waves that brought them o'er,
* * * * *
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When "*the Two Pollies*" moored below!"

Be more grateful for your mercies and amend your vocabulary! That is to say, if this nomenclature be of modern date. If it runneth back to the Pilgrims, leave it reverently as it is. It may have, in such case, a mystic meaning that we wot not of. I am sometimes called by my maligners a Radical; but God knows that an Abuse must be a *very* bad one, so it be old, before I can find it in my heart to lift a finger against it.

There are traditions suggested by this prospect from the hill of Graves which smack rather of the Merry Monarch and the Cavaliers than of Cromwell and the grim Puritans who made him "Our First of Men." The Gurnet that you see yonder with the lighthouse upon it connects with the main land by a long beach which makes it many miles around by land to Plymouth. By sea, as you may observe, the distance is much less. Well, somewhere about the middle of the last century, a party of boon companions were carousing at a tavern near the lighthouse, among whom was Colonel Winslow (crying you mercy for speaking lightly of one of your relations) the prince of honest fellows at that time. When their return home was spoke of, it was proposed that whoever arrived last at the tavern at Plymouth should pay for a supper for the others. This being settled, and the mirth having "waxed fast and furious," Colonel Winslow fell asleep. The rest watching their opportunity slipped away and took horse, enjoining it upon mine host to let the Colonel sleep so long as he would. At the end of two or three hours he awoke, and, learning the trick that had been played upon him, he mounted his good steed and making his way to the narrowest part of the channel plunged in and swam his horse across to the point of Plymouth beach, a distance at high tide of more than two miles,

"Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place!"

But when there he was within five miles of his destination, which he soon devoured up, and had been long arrived at the goal with the supper ordered, when his party arrived "bloody, with spurring, fiery hot with haste," and found that the more haste they had made the worse speed they had. The same hero once at a drinking bout, when all the supplies of lemons in Plymouth had given out, with a spirit equal to the emergency, galloped to Boston and back, seventy two miles in all, returning with the supplies before the toping session was over. We have no such men now! The Temperance Societies have much to answer for!

The Pilgrim Hall, in front of which, a fragment of the Rock, is inclosed in an iron fence, having the names of the first emigrants on medallions around it, contains many interesting relics of the first settlers. Furniture and utensils, hooks and weapons, writings and autographs of Carver, Bradford, Standish, Brewster, and others must be ever increasingly curious and valuable. A considerable collection of the few rude antiquities of the Indian races will also grow in value as years pass away and the races they represent disappear from the earth. Interesting manuscripts of the Pilgrims, among them many valuable documents, are deposited here, as well as a small collection of curious books, as the neuclus of a large library. Among other objects of curiosity is a Commission from Cromwell to one of the Winslows, with a pen-and-ink likeness of him at the head. The signature has been stolen by some base rascal, who obtained admittance when too little care was taken to guard against such depredations. The theft seems to have been almost as foolish a one as that of the letter of Byron to Scott taken from the Silver Vase at Abbottsford, as it could hardly be displayed without detection. There are several original signatures of the great Protector in the Collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston.

My own personal mission to Plymouth was attended with great satisfaction to myself and all outward marks of prosperity. Our meetings were held on Sunday at the usual hour of religious service, in a handsome hall belonging to the Sons of Temperance. Notwithstanding this flying in the face of the pious proprieties of the town, the hall was well filled in the morning, and crowded in the afternoon, with attentive listeners. In the evening the meeting was held in a desecrated meeting house, abandoned to profane secular uses, holding twice as many as the hall, which was also well filled. The Anti-Slavery estate of Plymouth seems to be gracious. The number of *comeouters*, as was shown at my meetings, is larger than common in proportion to the size of the town. The Anti-Slavery women, I was told, are busy in preparation for the next Bazaar, and the general spirit is good. The outward face of things is changed since I came to Plymouth on a similar errand eleven years ago. Then I was invited by the deacon of the Unitarian Church, my revered friend, William P. Ripley, who was saved from much tribulation by death. I lectured in an Orthodox Meeting house and had two or three ministers of various denominations to take part in the services. Now I suppose the Devil incarnate could as soon (and a good deal *sooner*! I have seen him several times in the pulpit, myself,) obtain the use of a church or the blessing of a minister as the Anti-Slavery cause in its true shape. And yet there was never a time when it exerted so wide and so strong an influence, even over those very religious bodies and persons as at this time, when it only stands aside and rebukes them. Truly great is the mystery of Godliness!

D. Y.

An Appeal,

To the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society who rejected the amendment to the fifth resolution, offered by Lucretia Mott, proposing to withdraw commercial fellowship from slaveholders

NO II.

RESPECTED FRIENDS:—Let us now candidly consider whether or not the arguments and excuses for maintaining *commercial* union with slaveholders have any more validity of principle than the arguments and excuses for a union of a political or religious nature.

The amendment was "opposed" on the ground that if we could have no commercial connection with the slave holder, we could have none, on the same principle, "with the manufacturing Lords of Great Britain." This is correct, in reference to *the fruits of robbery*. We may as well "take the raw cotton from John C. Calhoun as to take the manufactured cotton from the blood-stained looms of the North and of England." Does this prove that it is *right* to take the "*blood-stained*" article of either? We may as well buy a horse of A who stole him, as of B who has dishonestly bought him and handsomely trimmed him. It is also said, "If I can buy and deal with none but men whose hands are clean of all wrong, I must give up all trade and live solely in and upon what I can produce, weave, or build myself." Suppose this to be true. Suppose the alternative to be, that I must either labour for myself or purchase and use stolen goods; what should an honest man do? "Let him that stole steal no more: but *rather let him labour*, working with his hands the thing which is good;" "providing for HONEST THINGS, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." We are not however reduced to this alternative; neither is it true, that if it is wrong to purchase and use the stolen "*blood stained*" slave products it is also wrong to have any dealings with men whose hands are not "clean of all wrong." I may rightfully buy goods of a man who has honestly obtained them, whose hands, in other respects, are far from being "clean of all wrong."

Why, friends, did you not reject the entire resolution on the same ground? Why did you not argue that, if I can unite "politically" or "religiously" "with none but men whose hands are clean of all wrong, I must give up all" political and religious fellowship and act and worship by myself? This is the slaveholders plea against your resolution. Will you allow it?

It is said that an avoidance of *all* commercial union with slaveholders and of *all* use of slave products is impracticable. True. Does it follow that the abstinence *which is practicable* is not a duty? Because in going to shops of honest reputation, I am sometimes deceived and purchase articles not rightfully obtained, may I innocently trade continually at the shop of the well known receiver of stolen goods? Because I am occasionally unavoidably exposed to danger, may I voluntarily run into it? Why do you not apply this objection also to the resolution you adopted? Under the same government and laws, it is impracticable for tax-paying citizens (and all are such who purchase tariff goods) to avoid *all* political union with slaveholders. For the sake of our poor outraged and suffering brother and for the sake of our own holy testimony against iniquity, if we cannot do all that is desireable, let us do what we can.

Various are the excuses and plausible arguments for neglecting the practice of the right and the true. The purchaser and consumer of stolen slave products says, by thus doing, I can save money for the Anti-Slavery cause. The Abolitionist, who avows allegiance to our pro-slavery constitution says, by thus doing, I can better promote the main object. The slaveholder says, by the profits of slaveholding and slave-trading, I can obtain funds for the Lord's treasury. By robbing men of their souls and bodies in his own country, he imagines that he obtains means to save souls in another. One says that he is too poor to buy goods honestly obtained. Another says, he is too poor to emancipate his slaves. One says that he would as soon go to the judgment in a shirt of American cotton as in one of Irish linen. Another declares that he would as soon go to the judgment with his slaves as with British operatives. One says it is of no use to abstain from the use of slave products. Another says it is of no use to oppose the system of Slavery, you cannot accomplish your object. It is easier to discern other men's inconsistencies than our own. Those who voluntarily feed and clothe themselves with the blood-stained products of Slavery, cried out to the men who received the slaveholder's money, "*Send back the money.*" Surely they might have retorted, *Send back the goods.*

If the fact of inability to carry out *perfectly* the principle of the offered amendment is sufficient ground for its rejection, what becomes of your grand motto, "*No union with slaveholders?*" Do you say, you never intended this motto to be understood in an unqualified sense? We do not refuse to unite with slaveholders in saving men from perishing in the fire, or the water, or by disease? Why cannot you then adopt *the amendment* in a qualified sense? Your grand motto involves the impracticability of fully carrying it out in *several* particulars; the amendment only involves a similar impracticability in reference to *one*. If you can swallow the camel why need you strain at the gnat?

The truth is, general rules admit of exceptions. If righteousness and humanity demand of us any practical testimony at all against the vile system of American Slavery, these holy principles demand that we touch not and taste not its blood-stained fruits of robbery and cruel oppression. If we may lawfully sell our own goods to the slaveholder for the money he has obtained from various sources (which Ipprehend it would be most consistent for Abolitionists to refuse to do) it by no means follows that it is lawful for us to purchase the very fruits which we affirm he has stolen from the slave. Must not a practice, so manifestly inconsistent blunt every arrow of truth which we send to his conscience? Yield then, my friends, to the voice of righteousness and of suffering humanity, and when you close your mortal eyes on the misery of the world you will not regret that you have made this small sacrifice for its amelioration.

HENRY GREW.

Philadelphia, May 29, 1849

General Intelligence.

Items.

COL. FREMONT.—William Luther, who recently arrived from California, states that Col. Fremont and his party had reached Sutter's Fort,

—A Nantucket Yankee has been shipping a load of tombstones to California, all marked "Sacred to the memory of"—and "erected by his brother," &c. He has sagaciously concluded that the demand for this article must increase.

LIBERAL DONATION.—Hon. James Buchanan has given to the City of Lancaster, in trust, the sum of $4,000, to remain as a perpetual fund, the interest whereof to be annually expended in the purchase of fuel for the use of poor and indigent females of that city, during inclement Winter seasons.—*Phil. Ledger.*

JOHN AUGUSTUS has been security for the unfortunates who have been arraigned at the Police Court to the amount of more than SIX *thousand dollars* since January last. Not a man, within this time, of those whom he has thus befriended, has deceived him or proved a defaulter. This speaks volumes for humanity.—*Boston Republican.*

FREE SOIL IN TENNESSEE.—A paper in Tennessee gives this account of a candidate for the Legislature in Maury County:

Mr. Babbitt mounted the block, anuonnced himself as an Independent *Free Soil candidate!* He was in favor of protecting Slavery in the State, but against its farther extension. He was a Democrat—he voted for Cass—and he pronounced the Nicholson letter a forgery.—Cass never wrote it!

A Correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, says, that, "During the last cruise of the *United States ship Independence*, there were *Forty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-five lashes*, (44,835,) inflicted on the crew; at a time when they were engaged in dangerous service on the Pacific coast, fighting the battles of the country."

—L. W. Boggs, formerly Governor of Missouri, and now a resident of California, says in a letter to a friend in Missouri:—

"In connection, let me say, if your sons will bring out two or three negroes, who can work and attend at a hotel, your brother will pay cash for them at a good profit, and take it as a great favor."

A SENSIBLE GENERAL.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer of the 30th ult., states that Bishop Freeman has preferred charges against General Belknap, the commanding officer at Fort Gibson. Specifications: irreligious conduct in not permitting the chaplain at that post to preach longer than *an hour*.

AFRICAN AND TEXAN SLAVE TRADE.—The (La) *Gazette* of the 8th inst. has the following remarkable paragraph:

"We have been credibly informed that there is an instant trade in the kidnapping of negroes going on between Africa and Texas. Year before last, there were several vessels, well loaded with negroes, brought from Africa, and loaded near the mouth of the San Barnard, and the negroes there sold. This *black* scheme should be looked into by the Government, and those engaged in it punished according to law."

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Much interest was created some time ago by the arrest of Mr. Kauffman, a wealthy farmer of Cumberland County, in this State, for giving food and assistance to a family of fugitive slaves, which were brought from Maryland or Virginia and left on his premises. The owner of the slaves brought suit, and gained in one of the inferior Courts, a verdict against Mr. Kauffman, of $2 000. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and on Monday last, after a full argument, Judge Coulter delivered an opinion reversing the decision of the lower Court, on the ground that it was a matter which did not belong to State jurisdiction, but should have been brought in one of the Federal Courts under the act of Congress.—*Philadel. North American.*

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—In the Maine House of Representatives, on Wednesday last, the following resolve was passed by 113 yeas to 14 nays:

Whereas, The people of Maine regard Slavery with feelings of profound abhorrence, as conflicting with the great principles of Freedom and Free Government, detrimental to political progress and ought not to be upheld or sanctioned in the capital of our glorious Union, the very Sanctuary of Liberty; therefore,

Resolved, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to use their utmost influence to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, by all Constitutional means.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The *Buffalo Express* of Saturday has the following particulars of a sad accident at the Falls:

"A gloom was cast over this city yesterday morning by the sad intelligence of an accident at Niagara Falls the evening previous, resulting in the death of two persons from this city under the most afflicting circumstances.—The particulars of this painful affair are contained in the following telegraph dispatch, received yesterday afternoon: Last evening at a quarter before 8 o'clock, while a party of ladies and gentlemen were visiting the Luna Island, among whom were the lady and little daughter of Mr. DeForest and young Charles C Addington and several others, and while the little girl was standing on the very brink of the river, and only some 20 feet from the Falls, and holding by the hand of a young gentleman whose name I have not learned. Young Addington came up and said playfully, "I am going to throw you in," touching her lightly on the shoulder—when she sprang forward with a sufficient force to slip from the hand of the young gentleman who held her. She was instantly followed by Addington, who caught her, and in the effort was prostrated by the force of the water, throwing the little girl at the same time so near the shore that the young gentleman who had her by the hand nearly caught her, but lost his balance, only saving himself by catching hold of some brush on shore. In an instant young Addington and the little girl were swept over the Falls.

No human effort could avail them. A single moment threw them beyond the reach of all mortal aid. Young Addington was a young man of excellent character, of high and generous impulses. He was the only son of the bereaved family residing in Buffalo. They are now here—their grief is intense—no event has ever cast such a gloom over our village. The body of the little girl has just been recovered, and will be sent to Buffalo by this afternoon's train. It was carried to the house of Squire Hewlett, where it was laid out and prepared for sending up by the cars.

Died.

At Nyack, Rockland County, yesterday, SAMUEL FLEWWELLING, Esq. late of this city, and formerly cashier of the National Bank, aged 74 years.

At Hartford, Ct. on Tuesday the 19th instant, the Right Rev. Dr. TYLER, Catholic Bishop of Hartford.

At Medham, Mass. on the 19th instant, Rev. Wm. B. TAPPAN.

At Albany, on the 10th instant, ALFRED BISHOP, a well known Rail Road contractor.

On board steamer Benjamin West, June 10, near Wheeling, Va., of cholera, Miss SARAH ANN, daughter of the late Com. Jesse D. Elliott, U. S. Navy.

In Windsor, Vt., June 19, Mr. SEWELL F. BELKNAP, 38, the well known rail road contractor.

In Florence, Tuscany, in May, on her way to the United States, Mrs. MARIA CHARLOTTE GREENE, wife of George W. Greene, late United States Consul at Rome.

Acknowledgments,

DONATIONS,

For the American A. S. Society.

Francis Jackson,	200 00
Wendell Phillips, Boston, Mass.	200 00
" "	200 00
Maria W. Chapman, Paris.	100 00
Charles F. Hovey, "	100 00
Elizabeth Pease, Darlington, Eng.	24 00
E. M. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa.	25 00
Mary G. Chapman, "	50 00
J. L. Dudley, N. Y. City,	0 50
Lorin Whitmore, New York City,	5 00

DONATIONS,

For the A. S. Bugle.

Sarah B. Shaw, New York,	$5 00
Henry Chamberlin, Worcester, Mass.	3 00

DONATIONS,

For the Eastern New York Agencies.

Geo. Doughty, Flushing, L. I.	$50 00

Notices.

WINDHAM COUNTY (CT.) A. S. SOCIETY.

The Quarterly Meeting of the WINDHAM COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in WILLIMANTIC CT.

ON WEDNESDAY THE 4TH OF JULY in the 'GROVE' if the weather be pleasant, if not, in FRANKLIN HALL. The meeting will be called to order at 10 o'clock, A.M.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, Pres't.

GRAND RALLY

OF

THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION!

The approaching anniversary of Independence will be devoted by the Managers of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, in special connexion with the friends in Plymouth County, to an Anti-Slavery gathering in ABINGTON. The well-known beautiful Grove, near the Town Hall, has been engaged for this purpose. Distinguished friends of the cause will be present, and a portion of the time will be given to addresses. The *picnic* plan of refreshments will be adopted as at once

Poetry.

For the Standard.

GOOD TIMES ARE COMING.

BY JAMES STILLMAN.

Good times are coming, yes they are,
The Millenium's approaching,
Riding along on railway car,
A quicker pace than coaching;
Clear off the track, prepare the way,
And mind you're not run over,
Hurrah my boys and hail the day,
When all shall live in clover.

Good times are coming, to my ken
They fall as light on prism,
And down my nerves unto the pen,
Travel like galvanism:
I, as some Pythoness of old
Upon her tripod squatting:
See fates dark volume all unroll'd
And events yet unbegotten.

Good times are coming, war has ceas'd,
And thousands of our braves
Possess the Atzee land, at least
Enough to make their graves;
May no rude spade disturb their rest
No plough turn up the sod,
Albeit that land is fruitfullest
Wetted with human blood.

Good times are coming, off they go,
Each like a full blood racer,
For El Dorado's found you know
In the Sacramento placer;
Our warriors died to win the plain
And as usual runs the story
The living profit have and gain,
The kill'd—have death and glory.

Good times are coming, late the sounds
Of 'lection day were sounding
And politicians seeking votes,
E'en rum holes were surrounding;
Now off they are, rewards to seize
Tho' at nothing not quite cheap, all
Think they deserve fat salaries
Suck'd from the Sovereign people.

Good times are coming, rectitude
Is now considered proper,
By few beside the vulgar brood
Who are not worth a copper;
Virtue may timidly appear
Tho sadly out of fashion,
Except it chance to interfere
With some rich lechers passion.

Good times are coming, speech of late
Is rob'd of half its tartness
The felon is unfortunate,
And scoundrelism's smartness;
And if sometimes offended law
Some catiff pounces hard on,
How easy tis to find a flaw
Or else procure a pardon.

Good times are coming, merit once
Had foolishly a preference,
But now the worthless, or the dunce,
From caucus brings a reference;
For modern sapience wiser grown
Affords allowance hearty
Where true devotion has been shown,
And fealty unto party.

Good times are coming, wages fall
Employers gains are larger,
So those who seldom rode at all
Keep now their mettled chargers;
Palatial buildings all around
The cities, too are spreading,
While for the poor is scarcely found,
A place to put their head in.

Good times are coming, satin, silk
Is fashionable raiment,
No matter tho' the wearers bilk
The sellers of the payment;
Tho' honesty endures distress,
Laugh'd at, and snub'd, and slighted;
Let roguery don its flaunting dress
And lo! the world's delighted.

Good times are coming, certainly
We are to perfection moving,
In everything just look and see,
How fast we are improving;
Soon nothing will be left on hand
Which needs a reformation;
But we before the world shall stand,
A model of a nation.

THE AGE OF IRREVERENCE.

TO ——.

You might have won the poet's name—
If such be worth the winning now—
And gained a laurel for your brow,
Of sounder leaf than I can claim.

But you have made the wiser choice—
A life that moves to gracious ends
Through troops of unrecording friends—
A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have missed the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the poet's crown:
Hereafter neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Give out the faults he would not show!
Break lock and seal! betray the trust!
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave,
My curse upon the clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it sweeter seem to be,
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion-vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!

London Examiner.] ALFRED TENNYSON.

TIME.

TIME's an hand's-breath; tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-liv'd fading flower;
Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh:
Be prepar'd O man! to die.

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1634.

Miscellany.

From the British Friend.

WILLIAM PENN AND HIS MODERN DEFAMER, T. B. MACAULAY.—In last number we intimated having had our attention repeatedly drawn to Macaulay's History of England, at present in course of publication, on account of certain accusations therin militating so seriously against the character of William Penn.

It was eminently the lot of this honoured Friend, distinguished alike for his services to the religious society of which he was such a prominent member, and for his general philanthropy, to be grossly maligned during his life-time, like many other of the benefactors of mankind. Since his death, however, his character and motives appear to have been much better understood; and very ample but tardy justice has, for the most part, been done to his memory by the pen of historians. But it seems to have been reserved for Thomas Babington Macaulay, to revive some of the falsities by which, while alive, William Penn was assailed; which, nevertheless, had been thoroughly refuted. This is to be regretted, both because of the attempted injury to the character of one who was a model as a Christian and a legislator; and because of the injury which an unsuccessful attempt of this description must entail on the historian himself, and his work.

It will be recollected that we assigned certain reasons for not entering upon the subject last month. We find, however, that nothing has as yet been done in the quarter we then referred to, from which it was expected would emanate some well authenticated and authoritative statement. While we believe we should find little difficulty in refuting the accusations of Macaulay on sufficient authority, we confess we feel disposed to give the preference to the production of another party; inasmuch as it will be considered less liable to the charge of partiality, and to have no object so much in view as the preservation of historical accuracy. Accordingly, we have been exceedingly gratified to find the task which seemed to await us, so well performed in a London cotemporary. "The Tablet;" whose reply to Macaulay, in vindication of the truth, and of William Penn, we now have the pleasure of presenting to our readers; in the belief that such as have not seen it—and we presume the great majority have not—will participate with us in that gratification. The document is somowhat long, but it well repays the perusal. We have only further to add, that the version which we now quote of this affair, substantially agrees with Clarkson and other authorities, alike valuable and undisputed.

"The case of William Penn," then, says *The Tablet*, "so far as we are concerned in it—lies in a nutshell. This is not the place for a complete dissertation on the life of that eminent personage, nor for endeavouring to determine the full amount of praise or censure which may be his due. Such a work we leave to those who are more immediately interested in his reputation; *we* are interested in William Penn only so far as one or two incidents of his life afford a test of Mr. Macaulay's historical accuracy and judicial impartiality.

"The historian brings two main accusations. One of these was connected with the shameful traffic that was driven in the fears of persons supposed, or pretended, to be involved in the Monmouth rebellion. This charge, as we cannot readily lay our hands on all the authorities by which it is supported, and as it does not specially concern us, we take leave to pass by. The other and more serious accusation is founded on Penn's interference in the affair of Magdalen Collogo."

Before proceeding to give what *The Tablet* here promises, we feel inclined to remark respecting the first accusation, that it would seem a waste both of time and of words to attempt to disprove it; as it would be the height of absurdity to suppose, for a moment, that William Penn could be guilty of being any way concerned in a rebellion:

To proceed, therefore, with *The Tablet*—

'Our readers know the point at issue between James and that corporation. The Fellows, relying on their Statutes, had elected Dr. Hough for president; James wished to compel them by royal mandate to elect Dr. Parker, the bishop of Oxford. After an obstinate contest, the king resolved to try the effect of personal influence and authority. On the 3d September, 1697, in the course of a royal progress, he visited Oxford, summoned the Fellows before him, reproached them with their contumacy, tried to bully them into submission, and had at last to quit Oxford, at once beaten and mortified. He found himself, says Mr. Macaulay, in the dilemma of having either to yield to subjects whom he had personally threatened and insulted, or to eject from their homes in one day a crowd of respectable clergymen.

'To save the king from this dilemma, or the College from its peril, Penn, who had accompanied the king to Oxford, applied himself. At this time, Penn was one of the most unpopular men in the kingdom. He had allied himself with James in order to procure the release of several hundred Quakers whom the malignant genius of the times had thrust into prison, and with a hope of establishing a universal toleration. His reward was to be clamorously denounced by all the unthinking, and particularly by the Whig bigots, as a Papist, a Priest, a Jesuit; it was said that he had been bred at St. Omers; had taken orders at Rome; had received a dispensation to keep a wife; was in the habit of saying mass at Whitehall and at St. James; and was the real author of most of the unpopular measures of the day. Against accusations conceived in this spirit Penn had to defend himself even to his best friends. Tillotson called him to account, but after inquiry gave him a clean bill of health. Popple, an intimate friend of Locke, urged upon him most warmly the absolute duty of clearing his character before the public. In a word, during these years, no lie was too gross to be believed of Penn; and the best informed and least prejudiced men were primed and loaded with suspicions of his honesty. We insist upon this because it is important to bear in mind that the evidence of his doings with regard to Magdalen College comes not from his friends nor from impartial persons, but (in the main) from the private memoranda of his enemies, that is, of men who, even when they were begging favours of him, could hardly bring themselves to treat him with common civility.

'With this preface we lay Mr. Macaulay's text before our readers, taking the liberty to divide it into three parts.

I.

'Perhaps there might be an escape from this dilemma. Perhaps the college might still be terrified, caressed, or bribed into submission. The agency of Penn was employed. He had too much good feeling to approve of the violent and unjust proceedings of the Government, and even ventured to express part of what he thought. James was, as usual, obstinate in the wrong.'—(P. 298).

II.

'The courtly Quaker, therefore, did his best to seduce the college from the path of right. He first tried intimidation. Ruin, he said, impended over the society. The king was highly incensed. The case might be a hard one. Most people thought it so. But every child knew that his majesty loved to have his own way, and could not bear to be thwarted. Penn, therefore, exhorted the Fellows not to rely on the goodness of their cause, but to submit, or at least to temporize. Such counsel came strangely from one who had himself been expelled from the University for raising a riot about the surplice, who had run the risk of being disinherited rather than take off his hat to the princes of the blood, and who had been sent to prison for harranguing in conventicles. He did not succeed in frightening the Magdalen men. In answer to his alarming hints he was reminded that in the last generation thirty-four out of the forty Fellows had cheerfully left their beloved cloisters and gardens, their hall and their chapel, and had gone forth not knowing where they should find a meal or a bed rather than violate the oath of allegiance. The king now wished them to violate another oath. He should find that the old spirit was not extinct.'—(Pp. 298,9).

III.

'Then Penn tried a gentler tone. He had an interview with Hough and with some of the Fellows, and after many professions of sympathy and friendship, *began to hint at a compromise*. The king could not bear to be crossed. The college must give way. Parker must be admitted. But he was in very bad health. All his preferments would soon be vacant. "How should you like," said Penn, "to see Doctor Hough Bishop of Oxford?" Penn had passed his life in declaiming against a hireling ministry. He held that he was bound to refuse the payment of tithes, and this even when he had bought land chargeable with tithes, and had been allowed the value of the tithes in the purchase money. According to his own principles, he would have committed a great sin if he had interfered for the purpose of obtaining a benefice on the most honourable terms for the most pious divine. Yet to such a degree had his manners been corrupted by evil communications, and his understanding obscured by his inordinate zeal for a single object, that he did not scruple to become a broker in simony of a peculiarly discreditable kind, and to use a bishopric as a bait to tempt a divine to perjury. Hough replied, with civil contempt, that he wanted nothing from the Crown but common justice. "We stand," he said, "on our statutes and oaths; but, even setting aside our statutes and oaths, we feel that we have our religion to defend. The Papists have robbed us of University College. They have robbed us of Christ Church. The fight is now for Magdalen. They will soon have all the rest."

'Penn was foolish enough to answer, that he really believed that the Papists would now be content. "University," he said, "is a pleasant college. Christ Church is a noble place. Magdalen is a fine building. The situation is convenient. The walks by the river are delightful. If the Roman Catholics are reasonable, they will be satisfied with these." This absurd avowal alone would have made it impossible for Hough and his brethren to yield. The negotiation was broken off; and the king hastened to make the disobedient know, as he had threatened, what it was to incur his displeasure.' (Pp. 299, 300).

'The sentences we have now quoted run consecutively in Mr. Macaulay's text, and the narrative is so constructed as to give the impression that it describes only one incident. We have divided the passages in order to draw attention to the fact, that it deals with three distinct incidents, separated by intervals of days, and even weeks—each of which incidents Mr. Macaulay has most incorrectly described, and most grossly misrepresented.

'(1.) The first incident is thus briefly related by the Oxford Annalist, Anthony a Wood:—

"*Septr.* 4.—Will. Penn, the capt. of the Quakers, who followed the K in his progress, went after them [the Fellows] to Magd. Coll. to persuade them to yield to the king's desires, but upon their story to him about breaking of statutes and oaths he rested satisfied."

'Here we have nothing about "venturing to express part of what he thought." The Oxford historian evidently believed Penn to have acted fairly by the College.

'Wilmot's life of Dr. Hough enters into a little more detail.

'It appears from Anthony a Wood's account of this visit that W. Penn, who attended the King to Oxford, went afterwards to Magdalen College, and though he at first hoped to persuade the Fellows to comply with the King's wishes, yet when he heard the statement of their case, he was satisfied that they could not comply without a breach of their oaths. This account is confirmed by some original letters now in the Bodlein Library at Oxford, from Dr. Sykes and Mr. Creech to Dr. Charlett, of the 6th, 7th, and 9th of September,, 1687, in which, after giving exactly the same account of the King's reception and treatment of the Fellows, they both state, that Mr. Penn went afterwards to Magdalen College, and having had some conference with the Fellows, wrote a letter to the King in their behalf, observing that "their case was hard; that in their circumstances they could not yield obedience without a breach of their oaths; and that such mandates were a force on conscience, and not agreeable to the King's other gracious indulgences."

'Every reader sees at once that this is as unlike Mr. Macaulay's loose and slipshod insinuation as can well be imagined. We shall presently find that Penn thought, as many persons think in the present day, that the University endowments were not the property of a *sect*, like the Established Religion, but the property of the *nation*; that the "Established" monopoly of them was a usurpation; and that both Catholics and Dissenters had a right to a fair share in the advantage of these endowments. He thought it was reasonable for the Catholics to have one or two colleges for the education of their children, and for the Dissenters to have a share in the remainder; but when the nature of the oaths and statutes was explained to him, he thought the King's method of proceeding was unjust; that the Fellows could not comply with his mandate; and that the King ought to desist from his enterprise. All this, the Fellows themselves tell us, he fully represented to the King; and in so doing, he did exactly what was his duty, and laid before the King not "a part," but, so far as we can tell, *the whole* of what he thought.

"(II.) The second incident is, if possible, still more flagrantly distorted. Mr. Macaulay says, that the King being obstinate in the wrong, "the courtly Quaker" next tried "to seduce the College from the path of right" by *intimidation*. This is the charge—what is the truth? The King having quitted Oxford for Bath, Penn, having failed in his endeavours to serve the College, also went, whither his occasions called him, about the 5th of September. About the end of the month *somebody*—it does not very much matter who, but we believe it was not Penn—wrote to one of the Fellows an anonymous letter, of which the following is a copy:

"*A Copy of a Letter Directed to Dr. Bayley, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxon, supposed to be written by Mr. William Penn.*

Sir,—Upon an inquiry made of your present Fellows of Magdalen College, I am informed that you are a person eminent in that learned body, for your temper, prudence, and good conduct in affairs; and therefore very fit to be addressed to by me, who do not send you this to trepan you and your brethren, but out of a passionate concern for your interest; to persuade you either to a compliance with your majesty's letters mandatory, or to think among yourselves of some expedient to prevent the ruin of your College and yourselves; and to offer it to his Majesty's royal consideration, that the order for the *Quo Warranto* against the College may be recalled, before it be too late; for you cannot but be sensible how highly his Majesty is incensed against you, neither can you give one instance whether ever (*sic*) that sort of proceedlng was judged against the Crown. Your cause must think it very hard; but you are not in prudence to rely on the goodness of your cause; but to do what the present instance of affairs will permit, and in patience to expect a season that will be more auspicions to persons of your character. Every mechanic knows the temper of his present Majesty, who never will receive a baffle in anything that he heartily espouseth; and that he doth this, yourselves have had too late and manifest an instane to doubt of his zeal in the affair.

Where there are so many statutes to be observed it is impossible but some must be broken at one time or another; and I am informed by the learned of the law, that a failure in any one point, forfeits your grant, and lays your college open to the Royal disposal.

I could give many other prudent arguments that might possibly incline you to a speedy endeavour of putting an end to your troubles almost at any rate; but I shall suggest this one thing to you, that your fatal overthrow would be a fair beginning of so much aimed at Reformation, first of the University, then of the Church, and administer such an opportunity to the enemy as may perhaps not occur in his Majesty's reign.

Your affectionate servant, &c. &c."

It is, to be sure, not very easy to recognize in this letter the circumstance declaimed about in Mr. Macaulay's second paragraph; but the identity of some of the expressions in the letter with those charged upon Penn in that paragraph proves, we think, that it is to this document he refers; more particularly as Dr. Bayley's answer—which was addressed to Penn *on guess*—contains the very retort which Mr. Macaulay puts into the mouths of the Fellows.

'It is, then, important to bear in mind—what Mr. Macaulay has forgotten to state—that this letter was not signed by Penn; was not acknowledged by him; was never proved to be his; and *may*, after all, have been written neither by him nor with his privity. To found on a letter, the authorship of which is doubtful, so serious a charge as that of deliberately trying to seduce honest men into what Penn had acknowledged to be a breach of their oaths, and to keep back the fact that the charge rests on so frail a basis, is not certainly the height of candour.

"But in point of fact, even if Penn were the author of the letter, the accusation is not borne out by it. The anonymous writer does not advise the Fellows to break their oaths, but either to comply with the letters mandatory, or, if they cannot do that, "to think among yourselves of some expedient" or compromises by which the ruin of the College may be averted. On Mr. Macaulay's own showing such an "expedient" *was* possible without perjury.

"A few days before this letter was written (15th Sept., 1687) there was sent to the Fellows from Windsor, by some unknown hand, a paper of "Queries," of which the first was as follows:—"1st. Whether waving your election of the Bishop of Oxon, you cannot without violence to your conscience, signify to his Majesty or the above Rev. Bishop your willingness to admit the Lord Bishop President of your College." It was imagined that if the Fellows could not in conscience *elect* the Bishop, they might accept him and obey him when imposed on them against their will. In substance, this very compromise was adopted six weeks later by all the Fellows but one. "The Fellows in general," says Mr. Macaulay (p. 302.)" were not inclined to carry their resistance any further. They were of the opinion that by refusing to assist in the admission of the intruder, they had sufficiently proved their respect for their statutes and oaths, and that, since he was in actual possession, they might justifiably submit to him as their head, till he should be removed by a competent court" "Here," says Mr. Macaulay, "if James had not been infatuated, the matter might have stopped." Here then, we add, was a practical compromise which, on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, the Fellows could accept without perjury, and the King without dishonour; and this was the very point to which the writers both of the anynymous letters and of the Queries—(whom we strongly suspect to be the same person, and *not* Penn) wished to bring the matter. The advice may have been deficient in courage, in high spirit, and even in prudence; we think it was, but, *in the first place*, it is not proved that it came from Penn, and, *in the second place*, an attempt to persuade men to adopt a "justifiable" compromise, cannot be proved to be an attempt to seduce men from the path of right into a violation of their oaths.

(III.) Eight or nine days later comes the third incident. Penn has ceased to concern himself about the matter. He has laboured to adjust the dispute, and has failed. He has once volunteered to solicit the fellows to submission and has ended by frankly remonstrating with James against the attempts made to oppress them. His efforts being fruitless on both sides, he ceases to concern himself in the affair, and if his "agency was ever employed by the King, it is now employed no longer. At length, from being the solicitor he becomes the solicited, and the Fellows beg him to interest himself on their behalf. Bethinking themselves that Penn has influence with the King, Dr. Hough and several of the Fellows ride over, on the ninth of October, from Oxford to Windsor, to lay the case more fully before him, and to beg him to take their cause under his patronage. This little turn in the business Mr. Macaulay altogether ignores. According to him, Penn is still the King's agent; is still engaged actively in attempts to corrupt, seduce, and intimidate; and according to him it is still Penn who "had an interview" with the Fellows, instead of the Fellows riding some forty miles to have an interview with him. The scene is thus described in a letter from Dr. Hough to one of his fiiends:—

"October the 9th, at night.

Dear Cousin—I give you a short account of what passed at Windsor this morning; but having the convenience of sending this by Mr. Charlett, I fancy you will be well enough satisfied to hear our discourse with Mr. Penn more at large.

He was in all about three hours in our company, and at his first coming in he began with the great concern he had for our College, the many efforts he had made to reconcile us to the King, and the great sincerity of his intentions and actions; that he thought nothing in this world worth a trick, or anything sufficient to justify a collision or deceitful artifice; and this he insisted so long upon that I easily perceived he expected something of a compliment, by way of assent, should be returned; and therefore, though I had much ado to bring it out, that whatever others might conceive of him, he might be assured we depended upon his sincerity, otherwise we would never have given ourselves the trouble to come thither to meet him.

He then gave an historical account, in short, of his acquaintance with the King; assured us it was not Popery but property that first began it; that, however people were pleased to call him Papist he declared to us that he was a dissenting Protestant; that he dissented from Papists in almost all those points wherein we differ from them, and many wherein we and they are agreed.

After this we came to the College again. He wished, with all his heart, that he had sooner concerned himself in it, but he was afraid that he now came too late; however, he would use his endeavours and if they were unsuccessful, we must refer it to want of power, not of good will to serve us. I told him I thought the most effectual way would be to give his Majesty a true state of the case, which I had reason to believe he had never yet received; and therefore offered him some papers for his instruction, whereof one was a copy of our first petition before the election; another was our letter to the Duke of Ormond, and the state of our case; a third was that petition which our society had offered to his Majesty here at Oxford; and a fourth was that sent after the King to Bath. He seemed to read them very attentively, and after many objections (to which he owned I gave him satisfactory answers) he promised faithfully to read every word to the King, unless he was peremptorily commanded to forbear. He was very solicitous to clear Lord Sunderland of suspicion, and threw the odium upon the Chancellor, which I think I told you in the morning, and which makes me think there is little good to be hoped for from him.

He said, the measures now resolved upon were such as the King thought would take effect; but he said he knew nothing in particular, nor did he give the least light or let fall anything wherein we might so much as ground a conjecture, nor did he so much as hint at the letter which was sent him.

I thank God he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation, which was the thing I most dreaded; only once, upon the mention of the Bishop of Oxford's indisposition, he said, smiling—"If the Bishop of Oxford die, Dr. Hough may be made Bishop. What think you of that gentlemen?" Mr. Cradock answered, they should be heartily glad of it, for it would do very well with the Presidentship. But I told him seriously I had no ambition above the post in which I was, and that having never been conscious of any disloyalty towards my Prince, I could not but wonder what it was should make me so much more incapable of serving his Majesty in it than those whom he had been pleased to recommend. He said, Majesty did not love to be thwarted; and after so long a dispute we could not expect to be restored to the King's favour without making some concessions. I told him that we were ready to make all that were consistent with honesty and conscience; but many things might have been said upon that subject which I did not think proper to mention. "However," said I, "Mr. Penn, in this I will be plain with you. We have our statutes and oaths to justify us in all that we have done hitherto; but, setting this aside, we have a religion to defend, and I suppose yourself would think us knaves if we should tamely give it up. The Papists have already gotten Christ Church and University: the present struggle is for Magdalen; and in a short time they threaten they will have the rest." He replied with vehemence—'That they shall never have, assure yourselves; if they proceed so far, they will quickly find themselves destitute of their present assistance. For my part I have always declared my opinion that the preferments of the Church should not be put into any other hands but such as they at present are in; but I hope you would not have the two Universities such invincible bulwarks for the Catholics of England, that none but they must be capable of giving their children a learned education. I suppose two or three colleges will content the Papists; Christ Church is a noble structure, University is a pleasant place, and Magdalen is a comely building. The walks are pleasant, and it is conveniently situated just at the entrance of the town, &c. &c." When I heard him talk at this rate, I concluded he was either off his guard or had a mind to droll upon us. "However," I replied, "when they had ours they would take the rest, as they and the present possessors would never agree. In short, I see it is resolved that the Papists must have our College; and I think all we have to do is, to let the world see that they *take* it from us, and that we do not *give* it up."

I count it great good fortune that so many were present at this discourse (whereof I have not told you a sixth part, though I think the most considerable;) for otherwise I think this last passage would have been suspected as if to heighten their courage through despair. But there was not a word said in private, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Cradock, and Mr. Young being present all the time.

Give my most humble service to Sir Thomas Powell and Mrs. Powell. I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and affectionate servant, J. Hr."

"To any one who will take the trouble to read this letter and compare it with Mr. Macaulay's statement not a word of comment is necessary.

"Mr. Macaulay represents Penn as employed to solicit the Fellows; Dr. Hough represents the Fellows as coming to solicit him.

"Mr. Macaulay says, that after many professions of friendship, Penn "began to hint at a compromise;" Dr. Hough "thanks God he did not so much as offer at any proposal by way of accommodation, which was the thing I most dreaded."

"Mr. Macaulay makes his readers believe that the topics urged by Penn, were urged to persuade them to compromise; Dr. Hough describes them as used to convince the Fellows that there was little hope of success from his intercession.

"Mr. Macaulay represents Penn as trying to overturn the scruples of the Fellows to the commission of perjury; Dr. Hough represents him as admitting that the Fellows "gave satisfactory answers to his objections."

"Mr. Macaulay represents Penn as talking the meerest drivel, relying solely on Jame's moderation, and willing to give the "Papists" two or three colleges in mere wanton injustice; Dr. Hough (most unwillingly) shows that Penn thought the "Papists" had a right to two or three colleges, and believed they would abstain from further demands, because it would be dangerous to ask for more.

"Mr. Macaulay describes the result of the interview as the "breaking off of a negociation" by the Fellows; Dr. Hough describes it as the concession of a favour by Penn.

"In short, in every part of it, in general and in detail, no version of the interview could be imagined or invented more remote from the truth than that given by Mr. Macaulay. It is true, that when somebody mentioned the Bishop of Oxford's indisposition, Penn "smiling," asked the Fellows how t ey would like Hough to be made a Bishop This remark, made as a joke, answered by Mr. Cradock as a joke, and—even by Dr. Hough, who answered it more seriously, not taken as an "offer at any proposal by way of accommodation"—this casual piece of jocosity; picked out of a three hours' conversation; reported by one interlocutor without the privity of the other; and if taken seriously, at variance with every other part of the conversation, and unconnected with its general tenor—is gravely brought forward as a proof that a man otherwise honest deliberately intended to use "simony" as a bait to tempt to divine to what both parties *knew* to be perjury."

"If Mr. Macaulay were Crown counsel arguing for Penn's conviction before a common jury, such a "point" would be too gross even for the license of the Old Bailey. But if this be admitted as a canon, not of the venal advocate, but of the grave historian, who by virtue of his function is bound to judicial soberness and impartiality, God help the characters of all honest men!"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has addressed a letter to the *London News* with this singular note:

To the Editor of the Daily News:

Sir, I expect but little favour from you; if, however, you think proper to insert the enclosed, you may disavow any sentiment it contains, and throw it totally on your humble servant,

W. S. LANDOR.

TO THE GERMANS.

Contemplative wisdom, when it engages in politics, must inevitably succumb to diplomatic craft. Contracted as is the intellect of those who manage the affairs of Europe, ministers and kings, this very contraction gives efficacy to their machinations. A narrow rifle-barrel, charged with little powder, sends a bullet more directly and further than a fire-shovel covered with the largest quantity.

And now to the point at which the eyes of Germany are gazing. Deliberations are interrupted and forbidden: actions must succeed, and promptly.—What actions? I will tell you plainly, honestly, unreservedly.

No crime whatever ought to go unpunished; above all crimes is that of perjured princes, whose forswearing hath brought down on nations the heaviest calamities, the slaughter of thousands, the humiliation of millions. Law cannot reach it, for they have crippled law; but equity can, which human force never has crippled. It is the bounden duty of all to execute, when occasion offers, the high commission she opens before them. Whoever fails in the attempt will be glorified not only by the present, but by all future generations; whoever falls in it will be placed in security and prosperity where freedom is established.

There is a conspiracy of rulers, under all denominations, to subvert the liberties of every people on the continent of Europe. This, sufficiently manifest long ago, and denounced by me in April, is now openly avowed by Russia, Prussia, Austria, and France, and portended by the malignant nebulæ round these larger orbits. If their artifices and armies shall prevail, what is then remaining to be suffered or to be done? Chastisement is first to be inflicted on the primary and secondary movers against the world's equilibrium and progression; then is remaining an equally firm determination to execute on a grand scale what a glorious city of Greece, the city of Phocæa, did anciently. Germany has room enough to stretch her limbs in America; and in America there is vacant land enough for the industry of Germany; land enough and employment enough for Germany's whole population.

A people can do without a king, but what can a king do without a people? One simultaneous movement, one heaving of the mighty breast of Germany, and all is then consummated. No action since the creation of the world was ever so glorious as this would be; no defeat of despotism so irrecoverable. Difficulties far greater are every year surmounted by the least able to surmount them; by needy agriculturists and needier artizans, each pursuing his own track, without guidance and without advice. What then would be the result if the most intelligent, the most provident, the most active of the same nation, were to unite their counsels, their zeal, their experience, their larger pecuniary means, in colonizing the vast and fertile regions of Central America, now thrown open to enterprize and science?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Bath, May 26.

From the London Examiner.

TO GENERAL KOSSUTH: General—There are few who have the privilege to address you, but I am of the number; for before you was born I was an advocate, however feeble, of that sacred cause which you are now the foremost in defending. Imminent was the peril of fine and imprisonment, and certain the loss of friends and fortune; I disregarded and defied the worst. Do not trample on this paper for being written by an Englishman. We are not all of us jugglers and dupes, though we are most of us the legitimate children of those who crowded to see a conjuror leap into a quart bottle. If we have had our Wilkeses and Burdetts, our Wilsons and our Broughams, we have also had our Romillies and our Benthams. In one house we have still a Clarendon, in the other is Molesworth. Be amused, but never indignant, at the spectacle of our public men; at restlessness without activity, at strides without progress, pelted from below by petulance without wit. A wider and fairer scene is lying now before you, a scene of your own creation, under the guidance and influence of Almighty God. Merciful and just by nature, and enlightened, as the powerful of intellect always are, by the continuous lamps delivered in succession from past and passing ages, you will find them shine clear by contraction of space, and adaptation to circumstances. You have swept away the rotten house of Hapsburg.

It would be an idle trick to pursue the vermin that nestled and prowled among its dark recesses, behind its moth-eaten tapestries and throughout its noisome sewers. But there is no idleness in following the guidance of the most strenuous and most provident conquerors. Sylla and Julius and Augustus Cæsar, distributed the forfeited estates of their enemies among the defenders of their cause. The justice of their cause was questionable—the justice of yours is not. In our country, William of Normandy broke up the estates of the vanquished, and rendered them powerless for revolt. Elizabeth and Cromwell, and William of Nassau, our three greatest sovereigns, pursued the same policy with the same success. In Hungary there are immense tracts of land imperfectly cultivated, and forfeited by the defection and treason of the rich and indolent proprietors. Surely no time should be lost in the distribution of this national property among the nation's defenders. Larger and smaller allotments should be holden forth as the incentives and rewards of valour.

This was promised in France by the revolutionists of that country; but what promise was ever kept by France, under any of her governments, to any nation? least of all perhaps to her own. The Hungarians are morally the antipodes of the French; the Hungarians are calmly brave, consistently free, strictly veracious, immutably just, unostentatiously honourable. The French, if they attempt any act of perfidy, which they often do, and fail in it, which they seldom do, feel deeply wronged; their honour (peculiar to them) requires them to salve the affront with blood. Perfidiously did they enter Civita Vecchia; fraudulently did they seize the citadel; insolently did they scorn the remonstrances of a free and of a friendly people. Beaten back by unprepared and undisciplined volunteers, they loudly swear vengeance; and, confederated with all the despots of Europe, they certainly may inflict it.

Behold the promises of a nation which declared its readiness to aid unreservedly in the deliverance of the oppressed! Behold the first public act, beyond the boundaries, of its President! What, then, is Europe to expect from France—what, but another link and rivet to the monarchial chain, another chain-band to the sacerdotal tiara? She looks to Hungary who never has deceived her, and away from France who always has.

Sir, in your hands are deposited the sword and the scales of justice; hold them firmly; and, if any prince calls to the stranger, bids your lictors bind him, and perform the rest of their duty forthwith. In the exercise of this righteous authority may God preserve you for His glory, for the benefit of the present age, and for the example of every age to come.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

May 11, 1849.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A French paper tells of a foreign married young lady having been presented to the French President, and having fancied she was but haughtily received: "Are you for a long stay in France?" coolly asked Louis Napoleon. "No, prince," was the reply, "are you?"

STATURE.—M. Quetelet gives the medium height of the French as 5 feet 3 inches. The English average is said to be 5 feet 7 1-2 inches.—*Medical Times.*

ANÆSTHETIC AGENTS.—M. Stanislaus Julien (says *Jerrold's News*,) has discovered that the Chinese in the third century of our era were in possession of an anæsthetic agent, which they had employed in the same manner as we use chloroform and ether, for producing insensibility during surgical operations.

An eloquent writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* says of Miss Edgeworth: "She has done much good that the world knows of, much that it may yet know of, and much that it will never know of. Instances will spring to many an affectionate memory."

THE UGLINESS OF OUR FOREERUNNERS.—Cicero relates that the ugliest and most stupid slaves in Rome came from England! Moreover, he urges his friend Atticus "not to buy slaves from Britain, on account of their stupidity and their inaptitude to learn music and other accomplishments." Cæsar, also, describes the Britons generally as a nation of very barbarous manners. "Most of the people of the interior," he says, "never see corn, but live upon milk and flesh, and are clothed with skins."—*London Dispatch.*

ENGLISH ASYLUM IN NEW YORK.—An English clergyman, long settled in New York, is in this city on a mission, for the purpose of obtaining contributors, in order to establish a church and hospital, or asylum, in New York, for the benefit of British emigrants. The corporation of New York has liberally granted a plot of ground for the asylum, provided it is built within three years.—*Oxford Chronicle.*

"T. B." writes to us: (*Jerrold's News*) "The slaves in the United States have trebled their numbers within the last 40 years; they are exciting alarm and inconvenience among the pale-faces; they will form the difficulty; the *Ireland* of General Taylor and future Presidents."

Mr. J. S. Currie avers (in the *Lancet*) that a more accurate description of cholera could not be given than in Zachariah, xiv. 12—"Their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth."

THE EX-KING OF THE FRENCH.—Louis Philippe has not been talked of much lately. You have heard of his poverty and of his debts. I have now in my postession the most indisputable evidence that he is still the richest private individual in the known world. His agent in New York, M. Lafarge, has bought for him in houses, stocks, shares, &c., property producing an annual income of ten millions of francs. It is perfectly useless for any of his friends to deny this fact, perfectly well known on the New York Exchange —Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Daily Mail.*

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.—The secretaries of the Peace Congress Committee, the Rev. Henry Richard and Mr. Elihu Burritt, have just returned from Paris, where they have been making preliminary arrangements for the great Peace Congress, which is to be held in that city in the month of August. Their reception has been cordial and encouraging. They have had interviews with some of the most influential men in France, who have entered with lively interest into the objects of the proposed Congress, and who have readily offered to take a part in the proceedings. A committee of organization is now forming in Paris, and will comprise some of the members of the National Assembly, the editors of some of the leading French journals, and some of the most distinguished philanthropists and literary men in that country. This committee will act in concert with the other national committees which have been formed respectively in London, Brussels and Boston.—*Jerrold's News.*

The foreign news that has been most canvassed is that from the United States—that of the ravages of flood and fire. The accounts of the conflagration which desolated St. Louis are remarkably brief. The Americans are too busy and too practical a people to tolerate any very long reports of any matter whatsoever, in their newspapers. In *their* reports of fires penny-a-line flourishings (a very dear commodity) find no place; they have no "destructive elements," no wordiness for its own sweet sake. The same may be said of the accounts from New Orleans of the intrusive Mississippi and the "crévasses." The Astor Opera House riot and deaths seem almost forgotten, but—vanity of vanities!—it may well be remarked that many lives were lost in what (superficially considered) was a poor theatrical squabble, while the terrible agency of flood has been struggled against for many days at New Orleans without the sacrifice of a life. So much more destructive is the wrath of man than of Nature.—*Ibid.*

Our (*Morning Post*) Paris correspondent, in his letter dated Monday, five in the afternoon, says: "We have all been much shocked this afternoon by the sudden death of Lady Blessington. Her ladyship dined yesterday with the Duchess de Grammont, and returned home late in her usual health and spirits. In the course of this morning she felt unwell, and her homœopathic medical adviser, Dr. Simon, was sent for. After a short consultation the doctor announced that his patient was dying of apoplexy, and his sad prediction was unhappily verified but too rapidly, as her ladyship expired in his arms about an hour and a half ago. Poor Lady Blessington! It was but the day before yesterday that she got into her new house in the Rue de Cercle, where her delightful re-unions were eagerly looked for. It was but last week that she was dining at the Elysee, and remarked to Prince Louis Napoleon with how much pleasure she looked forward to her residence in Paris."

MR. MACAULAY.—BROWN TOP BOOTS.—Mr. Macaulay's History of England (writes a Jersey correspondent of *Jerrold's News*,) has been the subject of clerical antagonism here. Some little time since a lecture was delivered on Mr. Macaulay, at the Jersey Institution, by the Rev. J. Taplin, which excited consid